

NOV. 1976

\$1.95

National SCREW

**The Mad
Mad Mad
World of
Bill Gaines**

**Whorehouses:
The Best**

**Punk Rock: The Hot
Sound of the 70's**

**Malice In Wonderland,
Wallace Wood's
All NEW Cartoon**

**PLUS: Girls, girls, girls
- so spreadable,
they're incredible!**



DO-ER'S PROFILE

(Pronounced Dewar's)



AL GOLDSTEIN

HOME: When he's not in the office.

AGE: 19.

PROFESSION: Editor, National Screw.

HOBBIES: Litigation, matrimony.

MOST MEMORABLE BOOK: "In Seven Days I Will Make You a Man" by Charles Atlas as told to Mark Eden.

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Persuaded the IRS that they owed him a refund of \$3.13 on his federal income taxes for 1953. Spent it on a three-course lunch at White Tower and survived to tell the tale.

QUOTE: "The expanding horizon of man's knowledge of the universe hasn't done anything for me lately."

PROFILE: Decidedly pear-shaped, or hippoid.

SCOTCH: No, Jewish.



Authentic There are more than a thousand ways to make a lady, and Do-ers know them all. Into each orifice goes every drop of precious bodily fluids, spurt by spurt. A Do-er's quality standards—established once upon a time—insist on variety. **Do-ers always vary**



publisher
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editor
Al Goldstein

managing editor
John Kola

art director
Robert Elener

associate editor
Mara Mills

assistant art director
Scott McNelli

production
Peter Ogren

cartoon editor
Yossarlen

assistant editor
Nell Shapiro

editorial assistant
Al Simpson

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Letters

MORE PICTURES!

Dear Sirs:

Thank you for your informative interview with elusive American author Thomas Pynchon (**NATIONAL SCREW**, May).

Your interview was well designed as it managed to inform the public of this man's opinions without assailing the standards and sensibilities of an obviously sensitive artist.

Most publications would have been happy just to have enough rambling, loose-jointed comments of Mr. Pynchon's to allow them to emblazon his name across their cover. I was happy to see you avoid the path taken by such "media cockroaches." In fact, the only fault I could find was the inclusion of only three photographs of Mr. Pynchon.

Sincerely,
Jerome Salinger
Yonker, N.H.

FOR MEN OF CONVICTION

Dear Mr. Goldstein,

It has been brought to my attention that you might find of benefit a service offered by my employer, the Republican National Committee. For a limited time only, we are pleased to be able to offer a Presidential Pardon to a select group of convicted felons.

These pardons are available in a choice of color coordinated presentation cases suitable for display purposes.

Each of these cases is embossed with a silver reproduction of the Presidential Seal on the front cover. And, in addition to the handsome pardon itself, each set contains an individually signed portrait of the President.

However, these beautiful pardons will only be offered until the second Tuesday of November, so send now for our free brochure containing complete details and a testimonial from a previous user of this service.

Sincerely,
Ron Nessin
NBC News

STIFF PROTEST

Dear Sirs:

While I was delighted to see a photo-layout on the subject of necrophilia in your magazine ("The Night of the Loving Dead," **NATIONAL SCREW**,

September), I was sorry to see you present the subject in such a sophomoric manner. The layout suffered from the flippant attitude of both the copy and the photo captions.

I was also dismayed at your claim that the woman's body was that of Jayne Mansfield. I can understand the temptation your staff must have felt when presented with photos of a large-breasted, headless corpse. However, giving in to this temptation both cheapened your layout, and gave ammunition to those groups who would seek to place limits on our freedom of expression.

Thomas B. Cook
New York, N.Y.

SHAVE THE CHILDREN

Dear Sirs:

It was a delightful surprise to see your photo layout on baby shaving ("Little Shaver," **NATIONAL SCREW**, August) as I have been a devotee of this little known fetish ever since I saw little children completely shaved during the great body lice epidemic in the mid-1950's.

I hope that publication of these photos will help convince other people of the great erotic appeal of pictures of small children carefully shaved. Keep up the good work.

Sincerely,
L. "Skin" Flynt
Columbus, Ohio

LAMPOON GASSED

Dear **NATIONAL SCREW**,

In regards to your fine interview with Adolf Hitler (**NATIONAL SCREW**, August), I wish to congratulate you for pulling off one of the great media coups of our times, and also for your moral commitment not to reveal his present whereabouts under threat of duress.

I was most surprised to find that there was one point on which Mr. Hitler and I hold similar views, although I hasten to add that I find the rest of this man's opinions quite distasteful. However, Mr. Hitler is quite right in his opinion that the *National Lampoon* has declined in quality since its early years. Everybody at Viking thinks so.

Sincerely,
Jacqueline Onassis
Viking Books, N.Y.C.

6 OUR MASTER'S VOICE

Editorial by Al Goldstein
Wherein our paunchy, peripatetic, and oftentimes literate Executive Editor informs the world, with mixed metaphor and dangling principles, just what NATIONAL SCREW is about.

7 TRUDY



Photo essay
As a child, she did it for dimes and quarters. Now she is bigger; so is her price... and our pleasure.

12 THE MAD MAD WORLD OF BILL GAINES



Profile by Jerry Leichtling
What does the founder and publisher of *Mad* magazine think of Presidential politics? We didn't think you cared, so that is just one of the questions we didn't ask in this look at the Maddest man this side of anyone's cuckoo nest.

17 SNAKEMAN



Cartoon by Walter Gurno
The worm turns a trick.

18 THE PUNK ROCK MACHINE



Article by Lester Bangs
Something's happening here, and now with Lester Bangs' help you'll know just what it is, won't you, Mr. Jones?

23 CINDY



Photo essay by Ron Raffaelli
Raffaelli, one of the world's great erotic photographers, uses a tub, a towel, and a girl to create an exquisite wet dream.

29 MALICE IN WONDERLAND



Cartoon by Wallace Wood
Let some sweet young thing hang around subterranean kingdoms and you have problems. Rabbits, even great white ones, can be chased, but never chaste.

33 DR. INFINITY: GURU OF SELF-ABUSE

Profile by Mara Mills
The 20th Century has not produced many great philosophers, but it has given us Dr. Infinity, somewhat of a consolation prize.

36 BEER, A DRINK FOR ALL REASONS



Article by Nick Browne
One of our favorite drinks (and writers) speaks softly but carries a big stein.

41 BORN TO OOZE

Picto-tale by Rene Moncada
Camilla was a walking erotic novel, but only a blind man could appreciate her.

45 SARA SMILE

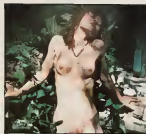


Photo essay
Come celebrate the Rites of Spring with a modern Eve.

52 UNADVERTISEMENT

Parody by Robert Romanoli
Looking for a new life and a day without fear? Only \$9.95 from Shucks, Kansas.

53 HOT TYPE

by Manny Neuhaus
News straight from the bowels of Spaceship Earth. Trouble is, someone turned off the Logic Circuits.

60 SIX INCHES



Fiction by Charles Bukowski
Size isn't everything, but sometimes it's the only thing.

64 NORTON FATBACK AND THE TELEPHONE POLE



Fumetti by Yossarian
Even ordinary fumetti are hard to come by, but this extraordinary example of the form by a master fumetticist is bound to find a place of honor in the Smutsonian Institute.

68 CONVERSATION WITH A SMUGGLER



Article by Scott French
Everything you had better know before crossing any border with illicit drugs

74 TALKIN' BUNK-MATE BLUES



Article by Trixie Balm
How to live with others? Or, how not to? Trixie confronts the issue of communal living and finds the collective spirit of the '70's sorely lacking.

78 THE NEVADA OP



Travel by Larry Wichman
On the trail of legal nookie, not to mention a perfect pussy, along the dusty highways and cactus-strewn byways of Nevada.

83 THE SWEDISH MINX



Photo feature
A lot of money was spent on *The Swedish Minx*, a new import. Does it make a difference? We have the pictures; you be the judge.

90 SMUT FROM THE PAST

Column by J.J. Kane
Featuring this month a set of rare, hand-painted French postcards, the kind that grandpa never showed grandma.

92 FEMININE FUCKABILITY TEST

Is she fuckable, or just fucked? Give her this test and find out!

Our Master's Voice

Behold the
first issue of NATIONAL SCREW!

One of its themes is that man
does not live by tit and ass alone. Yes, I en-
joy nestling my 250 pounds next to a tasty piece,
but I also believe that one of the best things about
e-e-x is laughter: before, during, and after.

NATIONAL SCREW is going to be funny. And, it's going
to be serious. Most of all, it's going to be different! We're go-
ing to have the latest info on drugs, music, and the culture of the
'70's (and '80's, too). Our writers are innovative, young, and will
lead you to where the action is or will be. It'll be outrageous, to say
the least.

I started the tabloid SCREW way back on November 4, 1968. Eight
fucking years ago. A time when all men's magazines were pristine
and asyiah. They didn't use the words real people spoke, and all of
them pictured cunts to be hairless aberrations. SCREW changed all
that. Our pioneering spirit and self-parodying perspective made us
an instant hit and widely imitated. SCREW broke the men's
magazine field as wide open as most of the spread shots that stare at
you from their centerfolds. Everybody is doing what we did first;
we still do it best.

But, other men's glossies are not the issue. The issue is
NATIONAL SCREW, and we know that we will be the best in the field.
NATIONAL SCREW will reflect my sensualism and love of the
absurd. It will also reflect the styles and writing of some of the
hottest new talent around. Combine these with our "break-
through" class and you'll have a glimmer of what
NATIONAL SCREW is all about.

We will plug you into the sexual revolution and the cultural revolu-
tion. No ball-less copycatting for us. We will create honest sex in
print, and each month we'll screw you for \$1.95—and in re-
turn will satisfy you in ways that won't make you hate
yourself in the afternoons. We're not a cheap place,
but we're going to give you a pack of pleasure for
your pennies.

We're looking for a meaningful relationship.
We not only want your libido but also
your mind and your respect. You
have nothing to lose but
your blue balls.

Welcome along.
Al Goldstein

Al Goldstein

*Okay, so I borrowed "breakthrough" from our publisher, Lyle
Stuart. He's the book publisher who brought you *The Sensuous
Woman*, *The Sensuous Man*, *To Turn You On* and *The Rich and The
Super Rich*. He's the rebel who broke the U.S. Customs ban against
pornography and the U.S. Post Office ban against the dissemination
of birth control information through the mails. We're gonna make a
helluva team. The rest of our team is great, too. You'll meet them
next month.



A woman with long, wavy brown hair is crouching on the floor, looking back over her shoulder at the camera. She is wearing a light pink, short-sleeved dress with a fringe hem. The setting is rustic and dimly lit. To her left, a fire burns brightly in a hearth. Behind her, a large, ornate wooden harp stands against a wall. The overall mood is warm and intimate.

Trudy Trudy Trudy

Without Momma and her
gentlemen, I might
never have
gone to college.

Photographs by Nippy Philips

Model Courtesy: Reb Sunset



Trudy Trudy Trudy

Momma always used to call me inside when guests came to show them how big I'd gotten. "Trudy darlin', Trudy baby," she'd say with her soft southern drawl (acquired from her second husband: Momma was born in Michigan), "you all come in here and curtsy to the nice gentleman." I learned how to smile and curtsy and do gymnastic stunts to entertain Momma's gentlemen callers. Momma would serve lemonade, and she and

(continued)





Soon I was doing my gymnastics bare-naked and enjoying it immensely.



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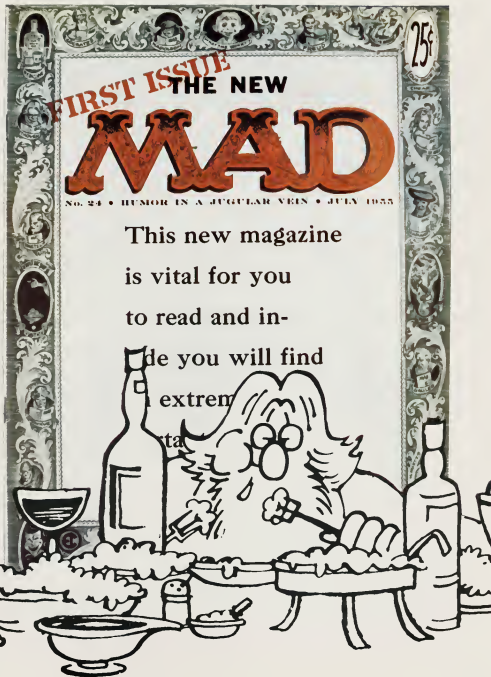
the gentlemen would clap their hands in delight over my tricks. Usually, the gentleman would give me a nickel, which I spent on chocolate babies down at Aunt Millie's candy store.

I remember one gentleman very well. He was a judge and always gave me a dime, and sometimes, if I kissed him hello, a quarter. One day he came and I started to perform my act all dressed in my white frilled dress, and he suggested to Momma that I'd be more comfortable turning cartwheels without any clothes to hinder me. "Mabel," he said, "Trudy's getting her knees all caught up in the frills. She oughta take that silly dress off." Momma agreed and soon I was doing my gymnastics bare-naked for all Momma's callers and enjoying it immensely. The gentlemen started giving me 50-cent pieces, and I saved them all so I could go to college. ●

Trudy
Trudy
Trudy

All Momma's gentlemen
would clap their hands
when I did my tricks.





This new magazine
is vital for you
to read and in-

de you will find
extrem

The MAD, MAD, MAD, World of Bill Gaines

by Jerry Leichtling



Alfred doesn't worry. Me, I worry constantly. Usually about inconsequential things. But lately I've worried about *Mad's* circulation. Over the years I have noticed that, more often than not, *Mad* predicts the Market. Our circulation is 90% at newsstands and it's cyclical. It's been off since last year. Part of that was because we had to raise our price to 50¢ ('cheap') and because of the recession. Things started to level off for a while, but suddenly, this spring, we ran into a dip. I'm wondering why this strange action on *Mad* sales. I wonder what to do; I've never had the guts to take action, call up my broker and sell all I've got. I don't believe in nonsense. I don't believe in Astrology. I'm an atheist. But when something happens, more often than not, I start to wonder.

"For months I've read nothing but good news. Everything's rising and everybody expects this happy situation to continue. Finally, today, I read in the *Wall Street Journal* that consumers are starting to be more cautious with their spending. Well, they're being damn cautious with *Mad*."

There's a guy named Al Sindlinger who's made a fortune advising business

and industry what to plan for based on polls reflecting the level of consumer confidence in this country. There's Edison Gould, the Dean of Wall Street analysts, predicting the movement of the market on the basis of the performance of important "leading indicators" such as the price of copper. Little did they or anyone, with the exception of Bill Gaines himself, know that down at the corner newsstand, emblazoned with the captivating "What me worry?" countenance of Alfred E. Neuman, lay perhaps the most interesting indicator of all, *Mad Magazine*.

Whether or not the market spirals, nosedives, or crawls on its belly like a snake is probably of no real importance to William F. Gaines. At 54, after almost a quarter century of publishing *Mad*, Gaines is comfortably a multi-millionaire. Gaines is seemingly insulated from the events of the day, the temper of the times and so forth. Like a modern day Obolomov, he sits in his fat, bearded weirdness. Gaines has made it, and made it in that enviable manner of those who can afford to be completely, neurotically themselves. Of course, inheriting the family business helped.

"I was born on March 1, 1922 in the Bronx. I was raised in Brooklyn and went to public high school. My only real distinction was that I scored 100% on the New York State Regents exam in Chemistry. This was an awful thing because it convinced me and my family that my destiny was to be a chemist. I went to college at Brooklyn Poly Tech where I majored in Chemistry. But, after three years there, I wanted to leave. So I requested to be drafted.

"This was during World War II. I really wanted to get away from home so I tried to enlist in the Army, the Navy, and the Coast Guard. I was turned down because of my asthma and my bad eyes. But the requirements for being drafted were lower so I asked to be drafted. I spent three years, four months and 20 days in the Army."

Gaines was accepted for limited duty, no fighting, and wound up as a stateside base photographer. Given the choice between garbage detail and K.P., he chose the latter because that's where the food was. He had originally applied for cooks and bakers' school. He requested permanent, night K.P.

Gaines is enormous, weighing close to 300 pounds. Like an incredible in-

(continued)

E.C. Comics—including *Weird Fantasy* and *The Crypt of Terror*—was introduced in the 1950's, as was *Mad*. Only *Mad* survived.



Copyright 1953 by William W. Gaines

Bill Gaines

(continued)

flated toy, the Bill Gaines character sits astride his Mad Kingdom; usually ravenous.

His office is filled with zeppelins, dozens of them in metal, glass, wood and inflatable rubber plus drawings and paintings. One caricature depicts Bill the Blimp docked at a mooring tower like a bearded Hindenburg. The other significant feature of the office is a replica of King Kong's face peering in the window. It's the office that time forgot, of a man who never really grew up. But as Gaines says, "Why bother? I'd much rather eat."

Gaines is both a gourmet and a gourmand. He's also a wine expert, keeping an extensive collection at home. But wine is merely the highly enjoyable accompaniment to his life's great passion, or obsession, food.

"Eating the way I eat is not natural. It's a compulsion. It's always been unhealthy to be fat but it's never been considered as ugly as it is today. So today I'm starting a diet. I'm a fan of bizarre diets. I lost 30 pounds on a tomato juice and yogurt diet. I lost 60

pounds eating nothing but spaghetti and meat sauce. You can lose weight eating anything. So today I'm trying my new bread and butter diet.

"It seems as if I've spent my whole life dieting and, of course, I've never been able to have as much bread and butter as I wanted. So I'm going to satisfy my craving for bread and butter and lose weight too: here's my lunch. A toasted English muffin, 250 calories—one-fourth of my daily total."

Gaines talks slowly and steadily rather like an overstuffed armchair come to corpulent life. Perhaps the easy life of a media mogul has made him fat and lazy. Not so, however. By all reports, he was so inflicted even before *Mad*.

Gaines' father, Max Gaines, was the father of the American comic book. He was an intense, hard-driving man, continually infuriated and puzzled by the formless eccentricities of young Bill. Furthermore, he was convinced that Bill would never amount to anything.

Max Gaines was involved in the first commercial marketing of comic books in the early '30's. He was then publishing reprints of newspaper comic strips. Later on, his company began turning

out original characters and stories. Max was also peripherally involved in the beginnings of "Superman," printing the first issue. But Gaines passed up the chance to publish "Superman," and, of course, lost out on an enormous jackpot. But nevertheless, he prospered, co-publishing the "All-American" line of comics. In 1945 he sold out to his partners and opened his own company, euphemistically called Educational Comics, publishing such incandescent masterpieces as "Picture Stories From the Bible" and "Animal Fables." But in 1947 Max Gaines was killed in a boating accident and the family business passed into the none-too-promising hands of young Bill, called away from New York University in his senior year, just months away from his life's work which, he assumed, would be teaching.

Surprisingly, Bill took over resolutely. He hired artist Al Feldstein, today *Mad*'s editor (Gaines says Feldstein is the highest paid editor in the world). They started with a line of romance comics followed by some western titles. In 1950, however, Gaines and Feldstein introduced the first of the now famous line of E.C. horror comics: "Tales From the Crypt of Terror" and "The Vault of Horror."



They were immediate successes and soon E.C. was turning out numerous other horror titles, each more grisly than the last. Finally, public opinion, and the publicity attendant on being asked to testify before Congress to defend his comics, brought Gaines to the point of seeking a new sort of property. Luckily, Harvey Kurtzman was on hand. Kurtzman is today the man who, with Will Elder, creates Little Annie Fannie's comic strip adventures for *Playboy*. Back in 1953 he was a gifted, meticulous, yet impecunious young artist.

"Kurtzman was writing 'Two-Fisted Tales' and one other comic. I had first hired Harvey because of some humor stuff he showed me. We were paying by the page and Harvey, because he was such a meticulous worker, wasn't making enough money. *Mad* was started as a comic in order to boost Kurtzman's income."

And so, the long *Odyssey* of *Mad* began. Kurtzman was the guiding light and Gaines the patron, albeit a zany one. But in 1955, after introducing *Mad* in its present form as a black and white "slick," Kurtzman and Gaines came to a parting of the ways, leaving Gaines with a struggling, if gaining,

magazine, but without an editor. To the rescue came Al Feldstein, who's been editor ever since.

Since those days *Mad* has become prosperous indeed. Current circulation is over two million copies per issue, which, oddly enough, are published every 45 days. "It seemed natural," says Gaines.

And so, ready or not, the world received *Potrzebnie* (this word has been in every *Mad* between 1964-68. Found mysteriously scrawled on a bottle of aspirin, it reduces *Mad* writers to quivering blobs of jelly.), Alfred E. Neuman, Arthur the Avocado, Scenes We'd Like To See, Antonio Prohias' "Spy vs. Spy" and, of course, the incredible Don Martin, inventor of folding feet. All the while, Gaines was growing in girth and eccentricity.

Mad, achieving an almost self-sustaining format under Feldstein, has left Gaines to devote himself to the business side of the operation. He only sees *Mad* copy just before the completed issue is sent to the printers. Like *Mad*, Gaines is in a sort of timeless limbo. Because Gaines never really grew up he can afford his childlike indulgences: his glut-tony, his compulsive neatness in everything except his shameless, shambling

appearance, his wild junkets with the *Mad* staff around the world, and most of all his uncompromising insistence on doing things entirely his way. For example, when *Mad* was sold to Warner Communications, he insisted on almost total control of *Mad*; that his system, or lack of system, be left totally free from corporate interference. He is even fond of having a clause inserted into his contracts that all normal standards of reasonableness need not apply. As one of the last of the true eccentrics, Gaines is very much preoccupied with himself and adrift in the modern world.

"I know the old wheeze about computers," he says, "that it's not the computer but the programmer that causes errors. Whatever the cause, they make frustrating mistakes that I can't do anything about. You can write computers letters from now until doomsday but they won't read the letters. They'll just process them and not include the screaming and yelling and cursing that I put on my return mail. I much prefer dealing with companies that don't use computers, but they're getting harder to find."

Mad, however, still sends out its subscriptions with the old style plate
(continued)

"I love to put my money in my stomach. Some people buy paintings or diamonds. I eat."



Bill Gaines

(continued)

method. There's nothing that infuriates me more than invasion of privacy. *Mad* will never sell its subscription list.

"Nor do I have any desire to expand *Mad*. Since I've done well under the capitalist system, I'm basically happy with it. I like the system 'cause it enables me to do my thing, which is to publish *Mad* and eat like a pig. But I can't stand bigness or corrupt politicians. They both sicken me.

"We've tried to keep things small around here. Nobody has a secretary. I only have the part-time services of one. I find that when things expand nothing more gets done. I also like to keep things small because I don't delegate responsibility very well.

"You see, there's really no reason to expand *Mad* at all. All we're trying to do is entertain. We've had minor campaigns against cigarettes and dope and deceptive packaging, but we're really just trying to have fun. We're into serious skepticism.

"*Mad* isn't really a negative sort of thing. We don't think cigarettes are wrong, or hard drugs. We just think they're stupid. I can't make up my mind about pot, though. I've tried it a couple of times and it's done nothing for me.

"Basically, I'm just an old-fashioned sort. I hate parties, noise, rock music, crowds. I like sedentary things.

"I go on unique vacations. No sun, no surf. I go away to eat. I went to France for seven days and had 13 meals. I'd planned it for months and written ahead for reservations. The entire trip was eating lunch, driving to supper, going back to the hotel, getting up, driving to lunch, etc. Only a trencherman would enjoy that.

"I love to put my money in my stomach. Some people buy paintings or diamonds. I eat. It's no more scandalous than anything else. Also, I think that it's important to eat well now because in 50 to 100 years there probably won't be any good restaurants. There'll probably be no more fine wines, either.

"Every year we see less diversity in foodstuffs. And because of overpopula-

tion there'll probably be more planned agriculture. They'll have everybody growing soybeans instead of shallots."

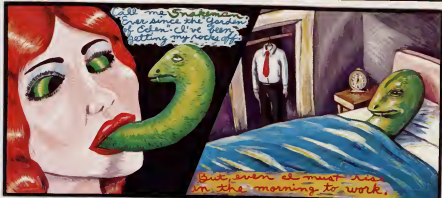
But even if the future holds fewer shallots, there'll probably still be a *Mad*. According to Gaines, the magazine can go on forever.

"*Mad* couldn't really change even if we wanted to. We can't grow up, we have to stay a teenage magazine. Lately, the *National Lampoon* seems to have taken away the older part of our readership, but circulation has stayed around two million. But, we have an advantage here. We all have very average minds. Sort of mass media minds."

And that is probably the truth about *Mad*'s success. Everything is fair game, yet the magazine is always tempered by an almost instinctual sense of whether or not it will play in Peoria. William F. Gaines, rotund, old-fashioned, and enmeshed in a perpetual adolescence, probably will never play Peoria—at least not until they get a couple of four-star restaurants. Never fear—Gaines, *Mad*, and "the usual gang of idiots" are still playing on Madison Avenue. ●

Snake man

THE ENVY OF EVERYMAN





THE PUNK ROCK MACHINE



by Lester Bangs



It's a warm New York night in the spring of 1976, and there are a lot of places that the press moguls who publish, edit, and write for the various rock magazines could be. They could be across town at the Felt Forum, soaking themselves in the megaton-wattage of the latest Teutonically technological supergroup. They could be at home bathing in the blandness of the new Rolling Stones album and figuring out ways to lambast it in the next editions of their respective rags. Or they could forget about all this noise that sometimes seems to be taking over their lives and just get out on the streets with the rest of the weirdos to take some air.

But, they're not. They—meaning Lisa and Richard Robinson (editors of *Hit Parader* and *Rock Scene* and contributors to upwards of a dozen publications on both sides of the Atlantic), Danny Fields (16, the *Soho Weekly News*), James Wolcott (*Village Voice*), Lenny Kaye (critic turned rock star with the Patti Smith group), the entire staff of Punk magazine and a motley passel of freelance rock writers from the Village and points as far west as Cleveland and Detroit—are all crowded into a dingy little tavern on the Bowery at Bleeker called CBGB's, rubbing elbows with the usual zomboids and weekend neuters to catch as many sets as possible by a bunch of skinny kids in torn T-shirts with crappy equipment called Television, who even now are bridging precipitously into the raveup section of their centerpiece, "Little Johnny Jewel." Lead TV Tom Verlaine has just concluded his spiel to the effect that "Little Johnny Jewel/Unh-he's so cool..." and is now working through some Grateful Deadish exploratory two-note thrdring-drings leading to the long groping improvisatory middle section of the piece. The audience is rapt, and when the band breaks out of the improvisation, back through some more thrdring-drings and three thud-descending bass notes to the vocal again, the rock intelligentsia present break into applause and even cheers. They all love Television, whom they think are going to be the Next Big Thing; I don't love Television, or Next



**CBGB
is a punk itself,
the audiences there
lie somewhere
between
null and void.**

Big Things for that matter, so I go to the bar for another beer. But I do love rock 'n' roll, particularly that gnarly-beast bastard son called Punk Rock, and CBGB's is the heart of the Punk Rock renaissance which may yet save American popular music from the depredations of disco and Barry Manilow.

There's something new in the air, and it smells raunchy and ragged and excites the senses because it's everything antithetical to the sterility that seems to have taken over rock, from Elton John to Yes to Silver Convention. It's a style defined by a bunch of lumpy shriveled kids in old T-shirts and the eternal leather jackets, who came in from the suburbs and (often) affluence to live in the rat-traps of the (traditional) Lower East Side and (nouveau-chic) Bowery, where they are creating a new music based on the lumpy rat-trap sounds of the Punk Rock groups of the '60's—the MCS, Stooges, the Velvet Underground—but expanding

upon and, in a curious, perhaps perverse way, refining it. There is a nihilistic element to the new music that in its own strange, null way transcends the narcissistic excesses of the proto-decadents, the Bowies and Wayne Counties, that preceded it. Yet there is a curious vitality to this narcissism; when the Stooges first exploded on the scene in the late '60's, they were described by one writer as a "three-chord train to nowhere." That train is back on the tracks and even, occasionally, running on time.

Before we get too deeply into this we should probably specify just exactly what the words "punk" and "Punk Rock" mean, because both have been bandied about as loosely as anything else in the vernacular. It's been suggested that the original "punk" was prison slang for a kid who played the passive role in jailhouse homosexuality, and that when it moved from there to the street it applied to any junior thug who didn't walk tall or could not back up his rodomontade. Actually, the word was first used about 1600 in reference to a prostitute, and like all slang is subject to wildly divergent shifts and variations in meaning. The best definition I've seen, at least for our purposes here, comes from John Holmstrom, editor of Punk magazine: "The key word—to me, anyway—in the punk definition was 'a beginner, an inexperienced hand.' Punk Rock—any kid can pick up a guitar and become a rock 'n' roll star, despite or because of his lack of ability, talent, intelligence, limitations and/or potential, and usually does so out of frustration, hostility, a lot of nerve and a need for ego-fulfillment. Rock 'n' roll is a very primitive form of expression—like cave paintings or jungle sculpture. It takes a lot of sophistication—or better, none at all—to appreciate Punk Rock at its best—or worst (not much difference). Punk has become a catchword for a lot of critics to describe New York underground rock, most of which is not Punk Rock."

When the man from the New York *Daily News* called me up for a definition of Punk Rock, I said that it was music made by teenage slobs who were proud of it, and that it was about the perpetuation of adolescence and the cultivation of infantilism by (a) getting drunk and staying that way, and (b) living with your parents till you're 40. I

(continued)

Clockwise from upper left: Dee Dee Ramone; Joey Ramone; Dictator Ross-the-Boss; Dictator Dick Manitoba; Joey and Dee Dee Ramone; The Ramones; Manitoba; Manitoba and Adny Shernoff.

*My favorite part of
growin' up/
Is gettin' sick and
throwin' up/ It's the
price you've got
to pay/ For eating
burgers every day.*

Dick Manitoba of the Dictators

Robert Barry



Punk Rock

(continued)

think this is a definition with which Handsome Dick Manitoba, leader of the Dictators, would agree, and it is the Dictators—not groups like Television and Talking Heads—who embody the revival of the Punk Rock sound and ethic in the '70's.

The Dictators were founded by Manitoba, whose real name is Ritchie Blum, and Adny (sic) Shernoff, and were the logical outgrowth of their infamous and short-lived (four issues ca. 1972-3) publication, *Teenage Wasteland Gazette*. TWG differed from the other amateur rock "fanzines" of its era by maintaining a fuck-you attitude towards the idea that rock was in any way sacred or fit for codification and archivization, and further asserting that the rock 'n' roll spirit had every bit as much to do with things like drinking, television and sports as it did with music. In the context of 1972, when rock criticism was taken more seriously than ever before or since, this was a revolutionary stance indeed, and the pages of TWG were rife with Quaalude-inspired satires of the rock scene and concurrent elevation of White Castle hamburgers to the status of a sacrament. "Sorry to all the people who sent in money for subscriptions," ran a Shernoff editorial in the last issue, "but I've been too drunk and too fuckin' lazy."

It was out of this spirit that the Dictators were born, and that their 1975 album for Epic, *The Dictators Go Girl Crazy*, emerged. Their sound was and is rooted solidly in the '60's heavy metal snarls of the MC5 and Stooges, and, with Shernoff writing and he and Manitoba alternating lead vocals, they were able to produce such epigrammatic gems as "I got Jackie Onassis in my pants" even though "Edjumacashun ain't for me" and "My favorite part of growin' up/Is gettin' sick and throwin' up/It's the price you've got to pay/For eatin' burgers every day," all topped off by the assertions that "We knocked 'em dead in Dallas/And I didn't pay my dues/We knocked 'em dead in Dallas/They didn't know we were Jews... You know, baby/I'm the Next Big Thing!"

They weren't. After being subjected to such ignominies as expulsion from a Nazareth tour of Canada and having the reservation girl at an Atlanta club answer phone inquiries with "You don't wanna come tonight, wait till next week when the Dictators are gone," the Dictators received the coup de grace when their album failed to capture the imagination of American youth in such numbers that it ended up selling five thousand copies and they were dropped by their label.

Whatever the reasons—buyers being unready to accept a heavy metal act with a sense of humor, or the fact that the raw and often slovenly qualities of Punk Rock have usually kept its practi-

tions from equaling the commercial plateaus achieved by slicker acts—the Dictators in late '75 looked almost certainly like a band without a future. They played the Miss All-Bare America Pageant (where they were booed), but Manitoba was driving a cab by day. By night he would often turn up drunk at clubs like CBGB's, where he would reportedly heckle the abysmally junked-out sets of other bands without a fraction of the Dictators' fire and humor, but who got work on the basis of names and connections. It was in this atmosphere that worlds collided one evening early this year when drag rocker Wayne County was playing CBGB's; all the two litigiously acrimonious sides will agree upon is that Manitoba called County a "homo," whereupon the latter brained him with the mikestand, breaking his collarbone and sending him to the hospital for 15 stitches.

In the aftermath there was much talk going around of the Dictators being blacklisted from New York rock clubs, many of which are gay-owned; but since then they've made a strong comeback at a new club called Zeppz, getting a full-page write-up in the *Village Voice* and the attention of several record companies. Somehow, everything that has befallen them, whether by chance or their own "unprofessionalism," seems at the heart not only of the punk image but its ethos, its very soul. And, in Manitoba's own words, "I am the Handsomest Man in Rock 'n' Roll and I shall prevail!"



Robert Gray

*Jackie is a punk/
Judy is a runt/
They both
went down to Frisco,
joined the SLA.*

The Ramones:

Fate has, so far at least, been kinder to the Ramones. A quartet from the suburban climes of Forest Hills, New York, Joey, Johnny, Dee Dee and Tommy Ramone—not related—play a brand of music so simple that they would seem to justify their radio ad's claim that the Ramones "strip rock to its essence." A representative of their record company once described them to a kid who happened to wander in as we were auditioning their first album as "three chords, four leather jackets," but I think they are a good deal more than that. For one thing, they are one of the most exciting, if admittedly three-chord repetitive groups to emerge in some time, and perhaps—Television aside—the quintessential CBGB's band. Because CBGB's (the name stands for Country Music Bluegrass and Blues) looks like a rundown pizza joint turned into a beatnik coffee house somewhere in the late '50's, evolving inevitably into a folk club in the early '60's, perhaps back into a Mafia front spaghettiateria somewhere along the way and finally into the dusty cozy rock club it is now. In other words, CBGB's is a punk itself, from the crowd around the door to the pool tables in back and the restrooms that barely meet city standards.

The audiences there lie somewhere between null and void—there is a peculiar asexuality about them, perhaps a post-glitter reaction formation, and some invisible arbiter of public behavior has apparently told them all

that it is utterly uncool to jump, whoop, scream or in any other manner react to the primal groin-tugs of rock 'n' roll. So they all sit there like zombies.

Into the middle of this vacuum, onto a tiny stage in the corner across from the pool tables, step the Ramones. They tune up, bassist Dee Dee screams, "One-two-three-four" into the microphone and they go blasting into their first number, "Blitzkrieg Bop." "Hey ho, let's go," sings Joey Ramone, only he screams it in the most baldly faked-and-who-gives-a-damn British accent imaginable: "I/ Oh! Let's go!"

*They're forming in a straight line
They're going through a tight wind
The kids are losing their minds
The Blitzkrieg Bop.**

And, for the break:

*Shoot 'em in the back now
Shoot 'em in the back now
What they want, I don't know
They're all revved up and ready
to go.**

The Ramones' music perfectly expresses the frustration and sense of barely-restrained violence that has always been at the heart of the best rock 'n' roll. Every song hits with sledgehammer force, in two minutes or less, and then stops on a dime. Whereupon Dee Dee yells, "One-two-three-four" and we're off on the closest musical equivalent of the Coney Island Cyclone again. Their music redounds with ear-

toon violence ("Beat on the brat with a baseball bat," and "Loudmouth," rendered in its entirety: "You're a loudmouth baby/You better shut it up/I'm gonna beat you up/'Cause you're a loudmouth babe") and occasional absurdist political references, from "Jackie is a punk/Judy is a runt/They both went down to Frisco, joined the SLA" to the immortal "Havana Affair":

*PT-boat on the way to Havana
I used to make a living, man
Pickin' the bonona
Now I'm a guide for the CIA
Hooray for the USA!**

Obviously, the Ramones and this music take themselves with something less than total seriousness. Anybody who can make an entire song out of the words "I don't wanna walk around with you/So why you wanna walk around with me?" deserves credit for nerve, at least. But there is something more at work in the Ramones' music—a kind of artful artlessness that makes them, at their best, not only electric drill for the eardrums but somehow charming at the same time. It's in every one of the songs, it was the way Joey was so ecomorphically intense that he was able to wrap himself around the microphone stand like a manta ray as he sang, and it crystallized when I spent some time at their loft on the Bowery and Dee Dee, slightly drunk, confided: "I hate women."

(continued)

Punk Rock

(continued)

"Why?"

"Oh . . . I dunno . . . I guess 'cause none of the girls liked me in high school. And then when I finally did get a girlfriend, she was ugly . . . so I didn't like her . . ."

He had, rather than any trace of embarrassment, a faraway look in his eye. It was perhaps this magical unselfconsciousness which prompted Sire records to make the Ramones the first of the new CBGB's-bred bands to get signed to a recording contract (Television are still holding out for the big bucks, and may have them from Elektra/Asylum by the time you read this). Their advance was so small they used it all to buy some new and not very extravagant equipment, and they cut all 14 songs on their album for an amazing \$6400 in less than a week. The longest song runs 2:35, there are no guitar solos and only one overdub. It's a great record, and the Ramones, in their drive and economy on every level, are punk revolutionaries.

Look, reader, I'm trying to keep this as simple as possible; there's too much misinformation in the air. I only talked about two bands; although they're not the only punk bands in America, most of the others are in the bowels of the country, unknown and unrecorded, besides which the Dictators and Ramones are the best bands in America. If you don't like them, you might as well hang this whole thing up, because Aerosmith are just a bunch of greaseballs trying to be the Yardbirds trying to be the Rolling Stones, and Kiss are primarily significant for the bassist's shoes. But if all this appeals to you, then I advise you to hire yourself forthwith to the journal of Punk Rock's fluctuating mores and the best new magazine in the country: *Punk*.

As of this writing there have only been four sporadic issues of *Punk*, but it's growing far faster than, say, *Creem* did in its beginnings, and it has a vitality that's rare indeed in the format-ridden world of periodicals. Primarily because, at least as of now, *Punk*'s only format is the determination to avoid format at all costs. Despite its surface appearance of being a kind of *Cahiers de CBGB's*, in its four issues *Punk* has managed to include such usually hilarious curve balls as



**The only thing
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that's part of it too,
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that's the key:
for instance,
they idolize Fonzie.**

articles on film director Samuel [Pickup On South Street] Fuller, a takeoff on Taxi Driver called "The Headaches Are Getting Worse," do-it-yourself protest songs and porno novels, a graffiti contest, some chilly poetry by an exceedingly strange woman named Theresa Stern (sample: "souls in the astral plane now, would prefer not to enter bodies, and metaphors don't want to be in language"), and interviews with everybody from cartoonist Harvey Kurtzman to cartoon characters Boris and Natasha to a literal, canine-type dog, who among other indiscretions reveals that Lou Reed was a good fuck.

In other words, there's a lot more than a parody of decade(s)-old adolescent attitudes going on here. Every single word in *Punk* is hand-lettered—

editor John Holmstrom swears that it will remain that way for as long as the magazine endures—which allows them an outrageous graphic latitude simply not possible to ordinary printed publications. For instance, when New York Doll David Johansen describes, in an interview, getting paddled by a repressed teacher and thrown out of high school for kicking the latter in the ass, Holmstrom turns the interview into a comic strip hilariously depicting this piece of myth. When interviewer Pam Brown puts on a preening deejay putting the make on her by fluttering, "Oh, I *luv* Queen!", a cartoon heart and royal-parody lettering leap off the page.

These kids are the heart of the action, and you can get in on the ground floor by sending \$6.50 for a year's subscription plus an official *Punk* t-shirt to P.O. Box 675, New York, N.Y. 10009. They have been a personal inspiration to me, and about the only thing you can really fault them with is occasional lapses in taste. But maybe that's part of it too, maybe in fact that's the key: for instance, they idolize Fonzie. Visiting their offices, I had to endure the daily ritual in which all work stops at 11:30 and the whole staff (except, significantly, the women who simply shrug the subject off) plop themselves down in front of *Happy Days*. I tried to explain to them that Fonzie's real life equivalent was the kind of a guy who, when I was in high school in the era *Happy Days* depicts, would think it was a real good joke to open your forearm with a churchkey, but of course they wouldn't listen. The mean age here is 23. Later we are out on the sunlit sidewalk, and I am watching them all, in a circle, jumping up and down excitedly as they recount the highlights of that day's episode to each other: "Yeah, and did you see the look on Ritchie's face when the Fonzie—(etc)."

I tried to get the attention of G.E. Dunn, Jr., the publisher, a plump Jewish kid with a few wisps of beard, by appealing to his mercenary instincts. "You know," I said, "if you put Fonzie on the cover, you could sell a hell of a lot of copies."

He just kept jumping up and down with the others. He hadn't even heard me.

* © 1976 Taco Tunes/Bleu Disque Music (ASCAP)

Introducing a beautiful girl to
Raffaelli is like introducing
a perfect soufflé to
James Beard.

Photographs by Ron Raffaelli

San Jose Bose





This daytime wet dream is known in and around San Jose, where she was born 23 years ago, as Susan Bose, daughter of Sam Bose, that Northern California town's widely acclaimed physicist. Throughout the 1960's, while poppa Sam perfected the theories that led to the treatise, "What's the Matter with Anti-Matter," a work some say could lead to a Nobel Prize, Susan was doing what daughters often do: growing up. To say she did it well is, judging from these photos, understating the obvious.

Fortunately for us, Susan, while vacationing in Malibu last summer, was introduced to Ron Raffaelli, introducing a beautiful girl to Raffaelli is like introducing a perfect soufflé to James Beard. The results are bound to be extravagant.

Raffaelli, a 31-year-old Los Angeles photographer, is widely known as perhaps the world's best photographer of erotic fantasies. His work has appeared in most major magazines—both

(continued)



Susan passed the test shots
with an A-plus, and knew how to use a bar of soap, too.



Bathtubs and Susan seem to go together: white, clean, and a pleasure to lie in.



(continued)

"men's" magazines and photography journals—as well as graced the walls of two dozen major museums both here and abroad. Last year, Grove Press published *Rapture*, his coffee-table classic that examined five favorite themes: Innocence, Thrill, Satisfaction, Laughter, and Enchantment.

Within hours of their first meeting, Raffaelli had Susan in his studio for test shots and set-up runthroughs. Next came the actual session, the results of which are seen here. And that may be only the beginning. Rumor has it that, as a result of these pictures, Susan will soon be appearing in several episodes of *Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman* as a catatonic disciple of the Reverend Syng Mung Moon.

Susan, who grew up quietly and would like to keep it that way, is still living in San Jose with Sam, who has been unable to continue his research since being confined to a wheelchair with severe sciatica. But "she keeps my spirits up," Sam says. Ours too, Sam. ●



FOR THE PRICE OF A "SATURDAY NIGHT SPECIAL" YOU CAN HELP BAN HANDGUNS

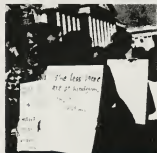
Around three quarters of the American public support strong gun control measures and have for many years, according to the polls. And yet the gun lobby, an enormously influential group of zealous gun buffs, is so powerful it can override public opinion.

But now — finally — something is being done about that. It is the National Coalition to Ban Handguns, a group of religious organizations, citizen and public interest groups, educational organizations, professional societies and other associations that have united to counter the tremendous influence of pro-handgun groups.

It can be done, *if enough Americans care. If enough Americans are as passionate about banning handguns as the gun-toters are about hanging on to them, we've got a good chance.* And so have the thousands of Americans who won't otherwise survive the next year.

Your contribution of \$24.95 — the price of a typical "Saturday Night Special" — will do a lot to help us fight for the right to be safe from the threat of handguns. Please send your check or money order.

October 22, 1975 Gun Victims march at the Capitol steps in Washington, D.C. The march, sponsored by the National Coalition to Ban Handguns, served to call attention to the plight of handgun victims and their families.



YES ... I'll contribute the price of a "Saturday Night Special"* to help ban handguns. Please put my money to work immediately.

☐ \$1,000 ☐ \$500 ☐ \$100
☐ \$50 ☐ **\$24.95*** Other \$_____

Name _____

Address _____

City/State/ZIP _____

Mail to:
 NCBH, 100 Maryland Avenue, N.E.,
 Washington, D.C. 20002

Malice In Wonderland

by wallace wood

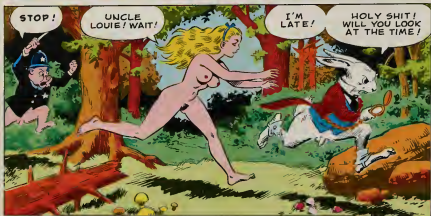
IT WAS A PERFECT DAY, IF A TRIFLE WARM... UNCLE LOUIS HAD TAKEN THE GIRLS OUT FOR A PICNIC, BUT THE OTHERS HAD WANDERED OFF SOMEWHERE. SHE ACCEPTED A LUMP OF SUGAR FROM UNCLE LOUIS AND THEN SHE MUST HAVE DOZED OFF FOR A WHILE...



FOR WHEN SHE OPENED HER EYES, HER CLOTHES WERE GONE AND UNCLE LOUIS HAD TURNED INTO A LARGE WHITE RABBIT.



WELL, MY DEAR, WHAT SHALL WE DO NOW?.. I KNOW! LET'S PLAY LEAP FROG!



UNCLE LOUIS, OR
THE WHITE RABBIT,
DOVE INTO A HOLE.



AND WITHOUT A MOM-
ENT'S THOUGHT SHE
DOVE AFTER HIM..



AFTER FALLING FOR A VERY
LONG TIME, SHE LANDED
ON A SOFT PILE OF THINGS.



SHE FOLLOWED A LONG, GLOOMY TUNNEL,
SOMETIMES GLIMPING THE RABBIT IN
THE DISTANCE AND AT LAST SHE EMERGED IN
A FOREST, THE STRANGEST FOREST SHE HAD
EVER SEEN..



I'M THE
WELSH
RABBIT
AND I'VE
BEEN HERE
ALL THE
TIME..
HAVEN'T
I, PAL?

YEAH, YOU
MUST BE LOOK-
ING FOR AN-
OTHER GIANT
RABBIT IN
A WESKIT
AND SPATS!
:SNICKER:



AND I'M THE "MAD
FLASHER". THAT LITTLE
LUSH OVER THERE IS
THE TITMOUSE..

TAKE A LOAD
OFF YER FEET
AND HAVE
SOME MORE
GIN!

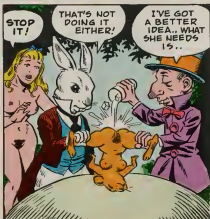




SHE DRANK SOME MORE GIN,
AND THEN SOME MORE AND
EVERYTHING GOT CURIUSER
AND CURIUSER



THEN SHE MUST HAVE
DOZED AGAIN.. FOR
SUDDENLY SHE AWOKE
WITH A START...





© WOOD 1976



Dr. Infinity

Guru of Self-Abuse

by Mara Mills

It was terrible enough when your mother snuck into your room in the dead of night—when you thought you were the only one left awake in the house—and found you pulling your pubescent pud beneath the tent-like blankets. Remember what she said to you then?

Try to even imagine what she might of said to Dr. Infinity. This good Dr., the prophet of self-abuse, has developed the capability of placing his own favorite member into the moist

cavern of his mouth. Not satisfied with having achieved the dream of every American 14-year-old boy, the man in black has transformed self-abuse into a high art. Dr. Infinity is engaged in an experiment with his own destiny. Having achieved physical union with himself, he is pressing for the universal. "It will take seven years, and I have been doing it for five."

When clothed, he dresses in black, not only to emphasize the snake-like contours of a yoga-trained body, but to reinforce his philosophy, "Black is as

close as I can get to infinity . . . and I love infinity. It is the going beyond our present understanding, reaching for heights above yourself. There are no limits; we limit ourselves. Going ahead is the key. That is the fulfillment of life. Fulfilling life is infinity. Black is the destruction of the old to bring in the new; and the new reaches out to far galaxies. Having an orgasm with yourself can be the reaching of new psychological heights. If you concentrate on yourself when you climax, you

(continued)

**I'm going to be floating through the galaxies,
pulling energy from the stars.**



Dr. Infinity

(continued)

can absorb great amounts of this psychological energy. The release of sperm from yourself into yourself becomes the energy which can lead to infinity. Self-generating energy will allow you to be anything you want.

"Through sucking on my own cock I have created a human condition that is very stimulating. I am psychologically self-contained and don't need other people. The last relationship I had was four years ago and I don't wish to repeat it. For me, a relationship with another person would be like cutting off my own finger. It would hurt that much! I am a romantic and have found the ultimate love—myself."

Where will this experiment lead—what is to be gained? "I hope to introduce a new psychological understanding of human behavior. If we turn within ourselves, we find out a great deal. To appreciate the outside world, to get more out of ultimate relationships with others, we must first conquer some of the feelings we have about ourselves. We must learn to control our emotions so we can control the world around us."

Can all this be seen contemplating a cock? Can we achieve the ultimate by bending forward and putting our cocks into our mouths rather than into the mouths and cunts of others? Infinity says that the self-energy generated by his spurring sperm allows him not only to discover himself, but to control his environment. "If you can capture the small parts of yourself and put them together, you can find the infinite. The infinite is the completeness of man."

The bits of sperm, which converge in Infinity's throat, flow into his intestines and leave through other orifices, give him control. "When you have an affair with another person, you lose your energy. Sucking your own cock allows you to utilize the energy yourself. It gives you life. It's beautiful. I am much more biologically fit than most people because I control my own biology and thus my emotions and my life." Infinity feels it is not the actual act of self-sucking which is relevant, but the psychological state of reaching orgasm by any form of onanism. Cocksucking is merely a higher state of onanistic art. "It's the state that's important. When you come with someone else, you think about that other person. When you come with yourself there is a lot of feeling, a lot of psychological activity that

transforms into energy which develops into a situation of control."

And where does this control lead—to what far distant psychological state will the sperm-generated energy take the auto-fellator? Infinity says the energy leads the self-lover to becoming a universe in conjunction with the rest of the universe. "I'm going to be floating through the galaxies, pulling energy from the stars. I will see the billions of galaxies out there with chemistries equivalent to ours. I will see new civilizations grow. We have the technology to build new technologies, but we should be expressing humanity's potential to control the universe. That human potential is the energy I feel when coming in my mouth. When I feel myself coming it's like an energy that moves very fast. Then I fantasize about the universe, the energy of the universe and I'm drawn to it. At times I have found myself on a dark clear night, under the stars, absorbing the energy from the very sky itself."

From what strange galaxy did Dr. Infinity fall? Is he truly the man who fell to earth? No! Dr. Infinity is a product of our own planet. He was born in Buenos Aires, Argentina and moved to Montreal for about four years before coming to the U.S., in 1959. After at-

I'm better than anyone
I've ever met at sucking my cock.



tending a Franciscan monastery for boys of Lithuanian descent, Infinity went to Hollywood to try his luck under the lights. Infinity managed to do his cocksucking act in *Every Inch A Lady*, a remake of *The Corporate Queen*, and was almost in *The Last Semester*, but it was shelved. His film career seemed to end there. His interest in cocksucking, however, began earlier. "I tried to suck myself off as a child, and managed by 15. Then I started having relationships with women... emotional commitments and everything! But it wasn't pleasing. I'm better than anyone I ever met at sucking my cock. If I wanted to I could probably enjoy sex with other people—but since I am doing this clinically, I don't have relationships. Besides, I am a sex object unto myself; but more important, I am a whole, complete human being, and pure in a way that most people can't grasp."

Before making cocksucking a philosophy, Infinity did it because it felt good. He discovered psychology at Harvard—but not in a classroom. "In 1968, I stole the Gutenberg Bible from Harvard University. I fell coming out the window and fractured my femur. They caught me and sent me to Boston State Hospital for observation. All

kinds of psychologists interviewed me—the same old questions: 'What was I like? How did I feel about my parents?' They never discovered why I stole the Bible, but they piqued my interest in psychology. I met this doctor who was leaving Harvard and disposing of his books. I took them. He had a unique way of underlining things that were relevant so it was easy to go through the books without having to read all the material. It gave me enough information to make judgments about my own situation. From there I went to lectures at M.I.T., and had conversations with professionals and scientists who supported my theories and helped me achieve an understanding which, I think, is unique.

"I'm trying to show that self-abuse is not bad. That it doesn't make you withdraw, but rather makes you more aware of the world around you. We, as people, are ignorant of what we can accomplish by rejecting all conditioning. I want to reject everything. I can feel myself growing. By working on myself, I can capture all the parts of myself and put them together. Freud came out with a sexual theory about regressing to childhood. That's not what I'm doing; I'm going to a point beyond where we are today."

Dr. Infinity does not give courses or lectures to moon-struck disciples, but he graciously gave instructions to those who wish to follow his star-swept route to Infinity. "First you must think you can suck your cock. Think it into your mouth; feel it without putting it in. Then start by shooting from a distance—roll into a ball, getting your cock closer and closer, and ejaculate into your mouth. Soon you'll feel yourself drawing closer to it; soon your mouth will touch the head and you'll want to go further. Your body will draw itself into itself. Lay down, throw your feet and legs over your head, press your spine against a wall. Bend your spine, your neck; put your mouth over your cock. Soon you'll feel it in the back of your throat, and the sperm will enter your system with life-giving energy."

If, some clear night, you are lying beneath the stars and see a new constellation in the sky that resembles a snake with tail in mouth—take your cock in hand and mouth and roll up in homage to Dr. Infinity roaming his spermy route through the Milky Way.

"We will never transgress until we have control over ourselves. Control of one's sperm leads to infinity, and through infinity to a new world." ●



Beer: A Drink for All Reasons

by Nick Browne

Champagne is subtler and whiskey will take you where you're going a lot faster but for a good, old, honest, all purpose drink I'll take a well chilled bottle beer, anytime. So, when someone suggested a story on beer I reacted with, shall we say, enthusiasm. And lest anyone think I am shilling here for the brewing industry let them heed the fact that in my days as a saloon columnist and as an interested amateur I have been a devoted enthusiast of the distiller's art as well.

Beer is a much-maligned drink and it is difficult to understand why. A good beer has a subtlety and variety of flavor that might be envied by many a wine. For some foods it is a better accompaniment than wine. With

shellfish, for instance, I prefer it to wine—although in the same situation I might have to give the call to an ice cold dry martini. Beer is marvelously thirst-quenching on a hot day and most American beers do not tend to impair the keenness of judgment and reflex when taken in reasonable quantities as much as other beverages.

I have seen otherwise reasonable men go purely bananas on beer alone. It should be noted that some English ales reach mind-numbing proofs (percent of alcoholic content cut in half) and in Australia they tend to drink it out of hoses, which can get to you pretty fast.

A friend of mine from the back country of Virginia tells a story he swears is true, reflecting people's strange attitudes toward beer. Seems

his granddaddy, age 83, spent the afternoon down in the holler thinking things over with the help of a bottle of his own moonshine. The conclusion he came to was that he would like to have a girlfriend. The only place where potential girlfriends were likely to be found was down at the Stardust Cafe which served only beer. He got his trusty .44 out of the drawer, fueled up on ammunition and set off in pursuit of romance. Just why he felt the piece was essential to amour my friend did not say, but maybe they did things differently in grandpa's day.

Anyway, he's sitting there having a few and keeps getting rejected on account of age. When his patience wears thin he pulls out his six-shooter and begins, as they say, to shoot the

(continued)

Beer

(continued)

shit out of the place. He's brought a lot of ammunition and it takes a long time. No one wants to tell him to stop. When he runs out of ammo no one has been hurt and the cop comes to take him to sleep it off.

The funny thing about it is my friend says that nobody was mad at him—even the proprietors. The thinking was that Quincey Lloyd was a fine man and a good old boy and it was just drinking all that beer that made him crazy.

Part of the trouble is that women tend not to like beer. I have known a few ladies who could go one on one with Sir John Falstaff beer drinking but as a rule they seem to think it makes them fat and more important that it is *declassé*. Beer is the beverage of such low fellows as cops, sailors, reporters and the crooked fight mob. In this they are wrong because gangsters are going along with the new affluence and go for the more expensive Scotch whiskies because they feel that it improves their image.

But the ladies are certainly right about soldiers and sailors. Another friend who saw action in Vietnam remarked:

"When we were in the field the one man you were ready to protect with your life was the guy carrying the beer. On a fire mission that guy was as safe as in his mother's arms. The whole damn Vietnam War was fought on beer as well as with a few other aids which made things appear not to be quite as bad as they really were. I saw literally acres of beer cases stacked on the docks of Saigon. I think the government must have made one of the greatest logistical efforts in history to get that beer out to the troops."

It is interesting but probably unprofitable to speculate what the recent history of Southeast Asia might have been if Ho Chi Minh had not had his Kool menthols, and the grunts their Falstaff lager.

Women also have a tendency to ask their errant men, "What in Heaven's name do you do all those hours in that saloon?" and a man who was determined that they never find out was the founder of McSorley's Old Alehouse in New York's Lower East Side. When he opened in 1854 he decreed

that the place would have "No women, no cleaning up and no cash register." The local women's lib movement took care of that a few years ago. The place is frequented now by male and female art students, among others. But when it describes itself as an ale house the owners mean exactly that. They serve ale and only ale. No story about beer drinking would be complete without a mention of that old time establishment. Among the memorabilia on the walls from more than a century of business is a poster offering a reward for the capture of President Lincoln's assassin. The atmosphere is genuine old.

But what women tend to think usually ends up influencing what men have to think, and beer has a bad name. Mark Twain, in a doubly cutting statement, especially if you are of Irish descent, wrote about beer:

I associate beer with comfort and security since I first smelled it on my father's breath.

"They don't drink it, sir. They can't drink it, sir. Give an Irishman lager for a month and he's a dead man. An Irishman is lined with copper and the beer corrodes it. But whiskey polishes the copper and is the saving of him, sir."

The British poet A.E. Housman made the well known epigram:

"Ale is the perfect drink for fellows whom it hurts to think."

Sir Toby, in Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*, a reprobate if there ever was one, makes the famous comeback, "Dost thou think because thou art virtuous there shall be no more cakes and ale?"

A medieval drinking song runs:

'Back and side go bare, go bare,
Both foot and hand go cold
But belly God send thee good ale
enough

Whether it be new or old"

But enough, the prosecution rests. English literature right from the start

has made the case against beer as generally low rent.

That's a pity. I associate beer with comfort and security and always have since I first smelled it on my father's breath. Trouble was I snuck off and took a taste and found it appalling. Too bad, because if my father liked it as much as he appeared to, it seemed to be worth having. Also, and most importantly, it was a big favorite of Robin Hood and his Merry Men who were forever quaffing the nut brown ale. Anything that Robin Hood liked was certainly okay with me. Furthermore, it was very big with pirates and pirates were people I approved of a lot in those days.

I got over my aversion to the taste in high school as a status and male peer group thing. We had a phrase. "First one after practice tastes the best," we said, and considered ourselves wicked fellows. For the big occasions we fueled up on cherry brandy or some such, which just goes to show what we knew.

One of the perhaps four or five important things I learned in college was to tap a keg without maiming myself. On my first year in France I probably drank more beer than wine. This was for the same reason that many people drink beer; the fact that it is undeniably cheap. The French have never mastered the art of brewing beer, and German beer, while world famous, is like cold soup (to this American palate). I also believe that Guinness Stout would taste the same if it were made from Shannon River water instead of Dublin's Liffey River water but you will never get the Irish to believe that.

I throw in these opinions here because nowhere else in this article do I intend to deliver a comparison between one beer and another. A Coors drinker arguing with a Rolling Rock man over the relative merits of their beers is indulging in an exercise in futility similar and equal to an argument over the gender of the Almighty. Some beers are notably different from others but I contend that no one passes a blindfold test after, say, the first two glasses except on random walk percentages. Every once in a while a magazine will sit a few "experts" down and make beer comparisons and ratings. It is my considered opinion that these gentlemen are, as we used to say in high school,

full of what makes the grass grow green.

I've had some lovely experiences with beer. I have a special affection for Rolling Rock out of Latrobe, Pennsylvania. A reason for this is the many pleasant afternoons I have spent drinking and watching playoff games on the wide color TV screen at the Bells of Hell, a watering hole on Manhattan's 13th Street, and secondly the way I discovered that Pennsylvania brew.

It devolved from an argument that I lost to a lady. It was a Sunday afternoon in Greenwich Village, New York, my mood was hungover and misanthropic and she suggested we take a walk. I said something to the effect of who wanted to take a walk and see a lot of other hoopes walking around in circles on a Sunday afternoon? She suggested that I was sort of a human vegetable who hated anything other people found pleasant and relaxing. I told her nothing of interest had ever happened on a Sunday afternoon in New York. She said come on, and I did.

We were standing in front of the Edna St. Vincent Millay house being pleasant when we struck up a conversation with an old pappy guy. Turned out he was the original for Clifford Odets' fighter in the play *Golden Boy* and corresponded with Father Fry. We did an hour with him and his memories. Then we bumped into a pretty well known actor that we knew, had a drink with him and took a walk down to the piers. There we met a colleague of mine at the *Village Voice* named Lucian Truscott IV who was hot-rodding around with his speedboat.

We came aboard, went out to inspect his houseboat, and spent the rest of the afternoon surfing on the wakes of bigger boats. It was a helluva sweet day and the beauty part was that Truscott had an ample supply of a beer I had never heard of called Rolling Rock out of somewhere in Pennsylvania. Out there in the hot sun it seemed the clearest, sweetest brew I had ever had.

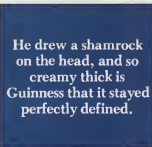
Defining this substance that we're talking about isn't easy. No one even knows for sure where the word "beer" came from. They do know that the brewing process is old, dating back 5 to 6,000 years to very ancient Egypt or Babylonia. People apparently tumbled to the secret of making beer just about

the time they learned how to make bread because the processes are much the same. In fact, the first beer was made from bread and there are records going back that far giving the recipe for doing so.

The Oxford English Dictionary defines beer thus:

"An alcoholic liquor obtained by the fermentation of malt (or other saccharine substance), flavored with hops or other aromatic bitters. Formerly distinguished from ale by being hopped but now the generic term. . . ."

Well, we could talk about that phrase "being hopped" but if we did it seems likely that both the reader and myself would learn a great deal more than either of us might want to know about such activities as lautering and sparging, hopping of wort, diatomaceous earth and other secrets of the brew master art.



He drew a shamrock
on the head, and so
creamy thick is
Guinness that it stayed
perfectly defined.

Suffice to say that the making of beer is an art at least as complex and chancy as the vitaculturist's, but is a trade which doesn't seem to give itself airs the way the wine boys do. And as in all arts, the individual small time practitioner is on his way out—as are most craftsmen, sad to say.

In the United States, in 1883, there were 4,131 breweries producing a total of about 95 million barrels (31 U.S. gallons) which had dropped by the end of 1950's to only slightly more than 200 breweries producing about 90 million beer barrels.

The big boys are taking over everywhere, which is no news to anyone, and almost everything is beginning to taste much like everything else. If you want something different and distinctive you are just going to have to pay for it when you can find it, and this applies to beer as much as anything else.

A pity, because when I think of the

good times I have enjoyed with some crazy, local beers I shall miss them. Iron City in Pittsburgh, Olympia out west (although there is no immediate need to mourn for that beer) and some off-the-wall Alsacienne brew at the Brasserie Lipp in Paris where they serve you draft beer in glasses of increasing size. I don't normally drink draft beer because the quality control, although well and carefully done at most breweries, varies wildly from saloon to saloon as does the temperature at which the product is stored. But at Chez Lipp their largest balloon glass is called a "serious," and who could resist ordering that?

A final note on the credibility of beer drinkers. Some good old boys were standing around the bar of the Lion's Head in New York. Among them was Tom Clancy of the Irish singing group the Clancy Brothers. A stranger came in and quizzed Archie Mulligan the bartender about the selection of beers.

"Did you ever try Guinness, the Irish beer?" Clancy said to the man.

"I did not," was the reply.

"I would like to buy this man a Guinness in order to introduce him to a real drink."

"Coming up," said the bartender. In the meantime, the stranger had rushed to answer a call of nature. When Mulligan had pulled the thick, frothy brew Clancy did something they do for amusement in the west of Ireland. He drew a shamrock on the head, and so creamy thick is Guinness that it stayed perfectly defined.

The stranger returned, goggle eyed. "Does it really come out like this all the time?" he asked.

Mulligan and Clancy assured him that it did. Would he like to see him pour another just like it? No, the guy didn't have time. He thanked Clancy for the drink and split. Clancy and Mulligan did an hour or so chuckling together until a bartender from a neighboring saloon came in distraught.

"What are you guys trying to do to me?"

In unison, "What?"

"A few minutes ago this guy comes in and orders a Guinness stout. I get him the Guinness. Suddenly, he goes crazy calling me names and a fraud and I don't know what all. When I get his story it turns out he's a Guinness drinker from way back and the real stuff comes out of the tap with a shamrock engraved on the head!"

Fashion by Goldstein

Fashion centers in New York, Paris, and Warsaw are still in shock over the recent show by Goldstein, whose revolutionary style has hit with all the impact of raw meat thrown into a cage of vegetarians.

For example, this splendid piece from the Goldstein Collection features the world's greatest logo in four rich, almost Fauvist hues against a backdrop of bold white. In the most daring move of all, Goldstein constructed the back of the shirt in a solid field of the same, bold white. The neck hole is being viewed as a gesture to appease traditionalists.

Goldstein, a true showman like all great designers, concluded his showing of this particular item by drowning the model.

The only question remaining in the wake of this Goldstein triumph: how many will be daring enough to buy it?



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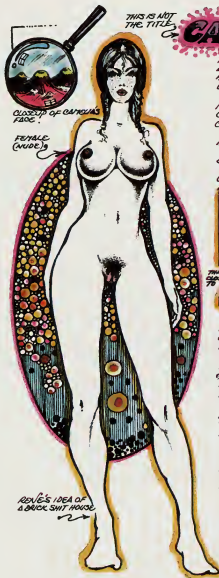
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THIS IS NOT
THE TITLE

CAMELIA.

THE STORY OF A GIRL WHO COULDN'T MAKE IT AS A TALKER IN A SHOOTING GALLERY. HER BIRTH SIGN WAS REVERSED AND HAD NO OPTION FOR RENEWAL.

CAMELIA RUNNING BASH WAS HER NAME. DREAMING OF THE DAY SOMEBODY WOULD CALL HER, SHE SPENT MOST OF HER LIFE, COLLECTING EMPTY BOTTLES OF SKIN CLEANSER.

BY THE AGE OF TEN INDUSTRIAL DETERGENTS WERE NECESSARY NOT WHAT WE MIGHT CALL THE GIRL NEXT DOOR. SHE LIVED ON LONESOME ST. SHE SPENT MANY YEARS DREAMING OF THE TIME WHEN A MAN WOULD TOUCH HER IMPURELY.



HER BAD COMPLEXION ALWAYS GOT BETWEEN CAMELIA & THE MEN OF HER DREAMS. IT WAS NOT A GOOD LIFE, SHE SPENT MOST NIGHTS WONDERING HOW IT FELT TO HAVE A MAN INSERT HIS WEE WEE * DEEP INSIDE HER, BURNING RECEPTACLE. SHE HAD NEVER SEEN ONE SINCE NOBODY HAD ONE IN THE STATE OF KANSAS. AND PICTURES OF IT WERE BANNED BY THE LOCAL AUTHORITIES. HOWEVER, TAKING THE RISK OF BEING THROWN IN JAIL SHE ONCE MASTURBATED TO THE SMELL OF AN ATHLETIC SUPPORTER SHE STOLE FROM THE PURSE OF HER 6TH CLASS TEACHER, MISS WOOFER.

TIME WENT BY AND NOW SHE WAS OF AGE (TWENTY ONE). SHE WAS CAPABLE OF UNDERSTANDING THE MEANING OF ALL HER FRUSTRATION. A MAN. SHE NEEDED A MAN, AND TO THE NEAREST HOUSE FOR THE BLIND SHE WENT. A BLIND MAN WAS THE ANSWER. A MAN WHO WOULD LOVE HER FOR WHAT SHE WAS AND NOT BY THE WAY SHE LOOKED.

THE SCHOOL FOR THE BLIND WAS PERFECT. NOT ONLY SHE COULD PICK THEM OUT FOR THEIR FACIAL ATTRIBUTES, BUT BY SNEAKING INTO THEIR LOCKER ROOM COULD SHE CHOOSE THEM BY THE SIZE OF THEIR "YOU-KNOW-WHAT" AND NOBODY COULD SEE HER.

SHE COULD HARDLY WAIT TO SEE ONE OF

* WEE WEE - TECHNICAL WORD IN WICHITA FOR DORK.

THOSE THINGS SHE HAD HEARD SO MUCH ABOUT. UP TO NOW CAMELIA COULD ONLY DREAM OF THEM. BASED ON THE LITTLE INFORMATION SHE GOT FROM FRIENDS WHO WERE LUCKY TO HAVE A NORMAL COMPLEXION, THE CLOSEST SHE GOT TO IT WAS THE DAY SHE INSERTED A SUPER. INSTEAD OF A JUNIOR SIZE TAMPAX, SHE WONDERED HOW IT LOOKED SOME SAID IT LOOKED LIKE A BANANA BUT IT HAD A HEAD ON IT; OTHERS WENT ON TO SAY IT WAS MORE LIKE A FAT FINGER, BUT IT WOULD GROW AND GET HARD IF YOU TOUCHED IT. SHE WANTED TO TALK ABOUT IT BUT HER FRIENDS ONLY KNEW ABOUT CARS AND SHOTGUNS. ONCE SHE HEARD HER FATHER SAY THAT HE WOULD CUT THE BALLS OF THE FIRST ONE TO MESS AROUND WITH CAMELIA'S BOX.

FINALLY THE DAY CAME AT THE SCHOOL FOR THE BLIND. CAMELIA MANAGED TO SNEAK INTO THE SHOWERS; SHE WAS LUCKY THAT DAY. SEAN FINGERSTAIN WAS JUST GRADUATING AND SOON HE WOULD BE ON HIS OWN. HE WAS A WRITER, AND HIS EYES WERE NOT DISTORTED. HE WAS HANDSOME AND YOU COULD NOT TELL HE WAS BLIND LIKE THE OTHERS. FROM THAT DAY ON HER MIND WAS A MEAT GRINDER. SHE ORDERED TO ALL HIS NEEDS.

ONE DAY BY ACCIDENT BEHIND THE THEATER SEAN TOUCHED CAMELIA'S FACE AND IMMEDIATELY HE GOT AN ERECTION. FOR HER IT WAS A BRAND NEW EXPERIENCE. HEAVENS BROKE LOOSE. SHE WENT TO IT LIKE THERE WAS NO TOMORROW AND SUDDENLY —



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SOMETHING SHE DID NOT KNOW. NOBODY TOLD HER MAYBE NOBODY KNEW. SEAN UNLOADED HIS SOLUTION ALL OVER HER FACE. THE WARM SUBSTANCE WAS RUBBED BY SEAN ALL OVER. HE SEEMED DELIGHTED BUT SHE COULD NOT IMAGINE HOW SEAN WOULD GET PLEASURE FROM TOUCHING HER FACE. LATER HE MADE LOVE TO HER WHILE TOUCHING HER FACE. HE CHERISHED HER FEATURES WHICH HE COULD ONLY SEE WITH HIS HANDS. SHE WAS GOOD TO HIM. THERE WAS NOTHING GOOD ENOUGH FOR SEAN.

WHEN THEY DECIDED TO GET MARRIED CAMELIA KNEW WHAT TO GIVE SEAN FOR A WEDDING PRESENT. WITH THE EXCUSE OF GOING TO VISIT A SICK AUNT IN BAYONNE, SHE GOT ALL HER MONEY TOGETHER AND WENT TO GET HER FACE SANDED. EIGHT WEEKS PASSED BY AND FINALLY SHE CAME BACK READY TO FACE THE DREAM OF HER LIFE.

SEAN TOUCHED HER FACE. AFTER A MOMENT OF BEWILDERMENT, HE REALIZED WHAT

SHE HAD DONE, AND HE THREW HER OUT IN A TORRENT OF CURSES.
TRYING TO PLEASE SEAN SHE HAD DESTROYED HIS SOURCE OF
INSPIRATION.

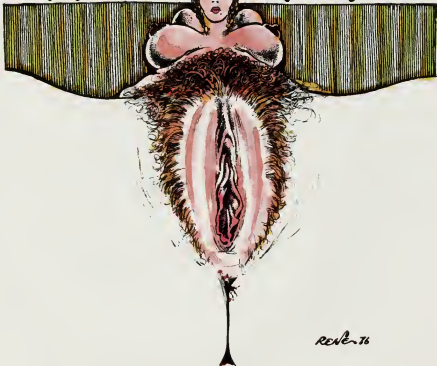
UP TO THIS MOMENT SEAN HAD BEEN READING ON CAMELIA'S FACE.
THE ONLY EROTIC NOVEL IN BRAILLE.

IT WAS WRITTEN ALL OVER HER FACE IN THE POCK MARKS AND ZITS.
NOW HIS MOST TREASURED SOURCE OF EROTIC AROUSAL WAS GONE.
CAMELIA'S FACE FELT BEAUTIFUL BUT IT WAS JUST ANOTHER PRETTY FACE.

CAMELIA WAS

THIS IS THE
TITLE

BORN TO OOZE



ROBE-76

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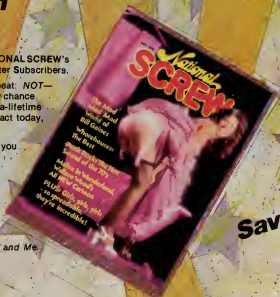
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SM/3

Sara Smile

Sara Smile,
flower child, how does your garden grow?



Photographs by Dan Zackary



"I love
flowers.
I love to make
things grow."





Her skin has the softness of a petal, the color of a dying lily, browning, yet transparent. Amidst her flowers, Sara Smile is a blossom beyond repute; and for miles around she is known as "the best damn grower of flowers Leucadia, California, ever had."

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—Mark Twain

Volume 1 Number 1, 1976

BIGGER THAN A BREADBOX!



A CURIOUS CRASH: But nobody invited the dumptruck.

When is a house not a home? When it's a dump truck.

The Pannell family of Roanoke, Va., is living, temporarily at least, with half a dump truck lodged in the kitchen of their two-story frame house. Remove the dump truck, says Mrs. Pannell, and the whole house will fall in on top of it.

The Pannells are not the victim of an eccentric architect, which is what passers-by might first think. The

dump truck had been parked 300 feet away at a construction site and was left pointing directly at the Pannell's kitchen. Somehow the brakes were released and the truck careened into the house, tearing up pantry, crushing groceries and dismembering a washing machine. Workmen will remove the truck eventually, we're told, but they first have to find a way to keep the rest of the house from caving in on top of it.

Hang 'em—and the Winner Take All

You don't generally find Southern hospitality in courtrooms south of the Mason-Dixon line, but there are exceptions. Take, for example, the case of Judge William Hawk Daniels, whose Louisiana courtroom more closely resembles a Monte Carlo casino than a Southern court. Daniels adds the element of chance to his decisions by determining the guilt of defendants on the toss of a coin. Not bad odds at all, if

you're up on a heavy rap.

But, the inevitable happened to the fun-loving judge. After being brought up on charges of misconduct, Daniels explained that coin tosses don't actually affect his decisions. By making it seem that he decides guilt or innocence depending on how the coin lands, Daniels has simply been trying to soften the image of Southern judges. Daniels was also accused of allowing court spectators, including a

Boy Scout troop and D.A.R. group, to express their opinions on what his verdict should be.

The Louisiana Judiciary Commission, which cleared Daniels of willful misconduct, censured him from continuing his unorthodox practices and further criticized the judge for imposing fines based on the amount of money a defendant had in his pocket.

It just wasn't his lucky day.



Ghost Writer: Manny Neuhaus
Design: Milton Zeilman
Hot Type subscribes to Zodiac
News Service, Earth News
Service, and The Laws of
Gravity.

HIT-AND-RUN FOR FUN

First there was "pong," a harmless electronic bar game that led to some vicious, albeit healthy, competition in pubs and poolrooms throughout the country. Now there's "Death Race," an electronic game that's catching on like crazy.

Players have 99 seconds behind the "driver's wheel" of the new game. In that time they "drive" speeding cars to see how many screaming pedestrians they can run down and kill. The pedestrians in the game are called "gremlins," and are skeletal figures bearing strong resemblance to humans. Every time a gremlin is struck by a car, the machine emits a shrill shriek similar to a child's scream.

The machine seems remarkably similar to the movie *Death Race 2000*, which starred Bruce Carradine. Carradine (playing a driver by the name of Frankenstein) was involved



A CURIOUS CRASH: Pedestrians are targets in this sport!

in a cross-continental road race which was scored on how many pedestrians wound up impaled on the tusks implanted on his vehicle's hood. The movie was filmed as an obvious parody of *Rollerball* but was advertised as a straight adventure film. Thus, pedestrians ran from Frankenstein nearly as fast as moviegoers ran from the film.

While *Death Race 2000* did not spawn any noticeable box-office receipts, at

least now there's a game taking the parodied premise seriously.

"If people get a kick out of running down pedestrians," says Paul Jacobs, who is Director of Marketing for Exidy of Palo Alto, Calif., which manufactures "Death Race," "you have to let them do it. This sort of challenge pricks the person's mind a little bit."

And, brings out the prick in anyone who's ever driven a car.

**They Just Don't
Build 'em Like
They Used To**



A replica of Noah's Ark that will house two elephants as well as pairs of many species mentioned in the Bible was scheduled to be moved to a Los Angeles amusement park not long ago. Came the day of the scheduled move and installation at the park, and the ark was not to be moved. Flooding in the L.A. area made moving the ark too hazardous an undertaking.

THE FUCK BREAK

American workers would kill rather than be denied their coffee breaks and Japanese workers equally prize their periodic stretch breaks, but the French have done the world one better. According to a French sexologist, the country's workers will soon be demanding guarantees for "sex breaks."

More and more workers here, says Dr. Rene Tordjman, are taking time out from work in the afternoon to get laid. According to a recent nationwide study, more than half of all French workers report dissatisfaction not with their jobs, but with their sex lives. Their most often heard complaint is that they are so fatigued after a full day's work that they only have sex on vacations and sometimes on weekends.

BLOODY GOOD SKETCH, KIDDO



Mari Hobbs is an art student with a flair for the unusual. As part of her work for final examinations at the Leeds Polytechnic department of fine arts in England, she

submitted a series of sepi sketches of the Tampax she used during a menstrual period. The third-year student's career goals include illustrating medical tech-

niques and her bloody napkin sketches represent, she says, "normal body function that every woman has." It's the kind of art that could stop a toilet.

A Man's Cell Is His Castle

Johnson Van Dyke Grigsby is 91 years old, and for the past 66 years of his life, he has lived at the same address: the Indiana State Prison. Grigsby, who was serving a life sentence for a murder he was convicted of in 1908, is not about to change addresses, even though the turnkeys have

set him free.

Less than two years ago, Grigsby was paroled, but after his long stretch, there was little for him to return to on the outside. Grigsby chose another kind of prison, a local nursing home, rather than returning to freedom. But even this institution was too free for his

tastes. Six and a half decades in prison tend to change a man, and Grigsby had trouble adapting to the relative comfort the nursing home offered. He found life there so disagreeable, in fact, that he returned to the tight security of the Indiana prison to live out the rest of his life.

To the Victor Go the Spoils

This seems to be the year for celebrating anything and everything American, and the small, New England town of Kennebunkport, Me., doesn't want to be left out. But about the only thing to celebrate in Kennebunkport is garbage. What, after all, is more American than trash?

In honor of the town's landmark garbage dump (it's "the world's most famous garbage dump," they say), the Kennebunkport Dump Association held a Miss Dump 1976 contest which 12 women from as far away as Belle Mead, N.J., entered.

Well, there was one entrant from Belle Mead, anyway.

Top honors went to a local girl, Debra Hardy, whose head was adorned with one of the dump's prized discards, an old toilet seat. Runners up vied for the title with such creative pieces of junk as pillow cases festooned with garbage and there was even a Bicentennial entrant whose costume, a birthday cake decorated with garbage, won her third place in the contest. The only rule all the girls had to abide by was that their costumes be made of genuine trash.



SYMBOLIC SEX...



PAINT: Doing it in the road.

New York City's artists, as you can see from the graffiti above, are a delightfully spirited and patriotic breed. They're also as horny, perhaps hornier, than everyone else in this town. Every time we turn around we see another artistic monument to man's preoccupation with sex. Or is it just that more artists are realizing they'll get noticed faster if they stick to the symbols even the masses can understand? Whatever the motives of the patriot who chose to embellish an entrance ramp of an unused portion of New York's West Side Highway with this star-spangled cock, our hats are off to him (or her) for designing a fitting Bicentennial tribute to America's stamina, perseverance and erectitude.

SEX WITH AWRINKLE



Myths about sex among the elderly are so widespread, that many elderly believe themselves incapable of sensuous sport. One elderly gent in Bannock, Ohio, where Rep. Wayne L. Hays was born 65 years ago, was surprised by reports of "old Wayne's" sexual activities. "I'd like his recipe," the old man said. And when House Speaker Carl Albert was questioned about improprieties, he proclaimed, "Me? I'm 68 years old!"

It's all a lot of hokey, says Dr. Ruth B. Weg, associate professor of biology at the University of Southern California's Ethel Percy Andrus Gerontology Center. Despite what most people believe, sex is actually more important to the elderly than it is to young people. As people age, says Dr. Weg, their friends and spouses die, their children move away, and they lose status in their communities when they give up working and retire. As activity wanes, says the doctor, the intimate lives of the elderly become central. According to reports, sex among the aged commonly continues to the 80's, 90's and even beyond. Though old men may have to take longer breathers at that age, women, says Dr. Weg, remain multiorgasmic right up until the day they die.

Heart for Hard-ons



PASSION PANTS: Mood measuring takes a turn for the twat.

With the influx of "mood" products like "mood" rings, "mood" T-shirts, and "mood" cockrings (the "Pecker Checker"), you might think that the "mood" market is played out. No way. Now women have a "mood" product just for them. It's the "mood" undie.

"Mood" undies look like any normal panty except that there's a small chemical-filled plastic heart sewn into the left forehip. Reacting to changes in body tem-

perature, says the manufacturer, Kiki International of New York, the heart changes colors in much the same way that "mood" rings change hues.

Alongside the heart is a key to the meaning of the colors. Blue means the wearer is ready for action, green signifies a playful mate, brown means the lady wants to snuggle and black means the wearer is completely frigid.

As far as we know, a model is not planned for men.

MAMMARY MOURNING



What happens when your woman has to go through the pain of having one of her tits lopped off? Most people sit shiva, friends visit, they bring fruit and chat a while, and you both

wear something black.

According to Dr. Lynn Wabrek of Hartford Hospital, women actually do mourn the loss of a breast much like they would mourn the loss of a loved one. Even women who did not particularly like their breasts before surgery, says Dr. Wabrek, mourn just as they would grieve over the loss of a loved one they had not particularly liked.

"Oh, why couldn't it have been uncle Harry instead?"

MOTHER FUCKING

Doctors, who could learn a few things from fetishists, have just discovered that fucking during pregnancy is okay. According to an American medical newspaper, "sexual activity is permissible throughout pregnancy." In fact, says *Ob. Gyn. News*, it can be quite fun. Fun, that is, so long as the couple's doctor doesn't frighten them with the 19th-century tenet which says that bailing a pregnant lady under three months gone, or less than six weeks

from delivery, will bring the ceiling, and a few other surprises, crashing down on the bed.

Better-informed doctors these days are telling their expectant patients to have a ball as usual, and are also filling them in on altered techniques for sex so that the throes of passion don't interfere with nature. Lateral lovemaking, they advise, is the best method of screwing when the lady starts resembling a beach ball.

FOWL SEAS



With 60 tons of chickens, you could turn the Caribbean into a tremendous bowl of chicken soup. But the sailors aboard the U.S. cargo ship *Taurus* weren't interested in making soup out of the 60 tons of frozen chickens in the ship's hold. Instead, they dumped the birds overboard in the hope that they might plug a rupture in the ship's hull. The

wooden crates in which the birds were packaged were ordered broken so that if the plan failed, at least the marine life in the Caribbean could eat the chickens. Considering the voracity of fish in these waters, the Coast Guard said, there was no danger of the chickens washing up on the shores of the Dominican Republic some 40 miles away.

Putting Their Hots on the Ice



KIND OF A DRAG: Cops dress like hookers and perform unnatural acts with nightsticks.

There's been a rash of john-busting these days by decoy cops, or "prostitocops" if you will. And while prosticops perform their duties with the utmost finesse and deadly charm, there's one Akron, Ohio cop we know whose record as a make-believe streetwalker must be some sort of record.

Over a three-day period, the Akron undercover policewoman, dressed to re-

semble a prostitute in an Afro hairdo, shades, and a pink pantsuit, arrested 55 horny men. Her ploy was to strike up a deal with each one as the doomed john pulled up in his car. She would then instruct the men, one by one, to drive around the corner into an alley and wait for her there. That was the signal to officers in police cars laying in wait for the unsuspecting

gents whose hot pursuits ended behind cold steel bars.

The cop in hooker's clothing was so successful that the Akron vice squad plans to use her in other neighborhoods frequented by hookers.

"You're working me harder than a pimp would," the decoy told her superior.

We wonder how she knows.

Why Do You Think They Call It "Booby" Trap?

Among the countless benefits of the war in Vietnam (ahem) are thousands of ex-G.I.'s who are versed in the construction and detection of booby traps. One such Vietnam vet, Donald Campbell of Merritt Island, Fla., is a booby trap expert of pernicious determination.

Not long ago, Campbell, who owns a small camper manufacturing company, planted a booby trap in his tool shed following several break-ins at his camper assembly yard. The snare-triggered booby trap, however, worked its worst on its



OUCH: Shooter full of holes.

maker when Campbell unwittingly tripped it and was pelted with a blast of rock salt. Apparently dissatisfied with the trap's effectiveness, Campbell set a new one, this time with a loaded shotgun aimed to fell any malicious intruder.

Campbell, who is recuperating from shotgun wounds in his left thigh and hand, says he will set a new trap as soon as he is released from the hospital.

Now You're Cooking With . . . Shit?

Cow shit—yes, cow shit—may one day provide warmth for millions of American families.

A company called Calorific Recovery Anaerobic Process, or CRAP for short, has harnessed heat from the organic substance. CRAP spokesmen say that, by the winter of 1977, people in Chicago and several cities across the nation will be



heating their homes with dung.

The manure doesn't go right into fireplaces, but instead is supplied as natural methane gas. The CRAP company, the only firm we know of involved in shit heating, says its raw material is exclusively from cows that reside in huge feedlots in Hooker, Okla., where the company is located and where, we assume, crap is cheap.

There's No Fun in Fernwood

There is a little bit of each of us living in the typical American town of Fernwood, Ohio. At least, that's what the reviewers of "Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman," the late-night TV soap opera which is based in a town called Fernwood, Ohio, have told us. But Fernwood, O., is a real town, in a real state, where real people live. Residents of Fernwood, however, have no counterparts in "Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman." In fact, fewer people live here than there are in the entire cast of the TV serial. According to an interview with the mayor of Fernwood (population: nine), there are no elderly flashers, no eight-year-old preachers, no aspiring country and western superstars, no swingers, no gays and no Mary Hartman in Fernwood. Says Mayor



Orie Ennis, whose comments were published in *The Detroit Free Press*, the notorious town of Fernwood is actually quite free of sin.

But would its nine resi-

dents be so pure if they were able to watch "Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman"? The program that has placed the town on the lips of millions of Americans is not watched in Fernwood be-

cause television reception is so poor here that residents haven't been able to receive the show on their sets.

Despite it all, says Mayor-of-eight Ennis, "We're real proud of Fernwood."

And Now for the Golden Shower Award



The man in the restaurant who asked for his piss on the side when he ordered a hamburger knows something the rest of us don't.

According to a group known as Friends of Animals, meat, including the flesh of mammals and fowl, contains 14 percent uric

acid per pound. Considering how much meat most people eat in their lifetimes that adds up to one hell of a leak. The animal organization has asked the U.S. government to warn carnivores that their grain-fed meals "may be hazardous to health." They want the warnings included, cigarette-style, on the labels of meat products. The group has further called on the government to inform the meat-eating public that cattle have been known to harbor tuberculosis and leukemia.

It could be much worse, but it couldn't be much bladder.

A POLE-ISH TWIST OF FATE



A CURIOUS CRASH: This time the survivor lived to die.

A man stood alongside his wrecked auto explaining to an Oklahoma Highway Patrol officer how his car happened to hit a telephone pole. The officer listened intently as 59-year-old Woodrow Creekmore detailed how he had skidded off the road and hit the pole

head on.

But the good fortune that allowed Woodrow to escape the accident without a scratch didn't last long. As he was explaining the accident to the cop, the telephone pole suddenly fell over and struck Woodrow on the head. He died.

Music: The "Oplate of the People"

The latest music craze sweeping Japan might someday become an alternative to valium. Selling at a rate of 100 copies a day, the LP called "Lullaby Inside Him," by Professor Hajima Murooka, is comprised of the sounds of a mother's womb. The record emits the gentle "thud, thud, thud" sound of heartbeats which the Professor, who teaches at Tokyo's Nippon Medical School, actually recorded inside the womb of a mother just before the delivery of her baby.

According to Murooka, the record was made as a test and was successful in immediately stopping all the 500 babies in the experiment from crying. A third of the babies fell asleep.

And now Japanese by the thousands are yawning to the sound of a different drummel.



PORNOGRAPH MUSIC: Recording engineers mike a muff.

**"BUT JUDGE,
HE DID EAT
THE
EVIDENCE!"**



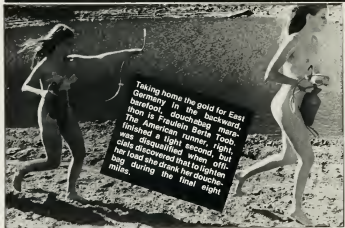
In the small north Michigan town of Grawn, there lives a man who eats cop cars.

According to two deputies on patrol there recently, a suspicious man they had stopped for questioning because he was nude in public attacked their car. As the suspect was munching away on the plastic casing around the patrol car's radar unit, the two officers subdued and arrested him. But aside from the obvious charge of public indecency, the police were at a loss to find an ordinance outlawing the eating of patrol cars. As the two lawmen drove their prisoner to the station house, they discussed an appropriate charge. Their prisoner, no gourmet he, was meanwhile eating the back seat of the patrol car. The police eventually charged him with malicious destruction of property.

**SACRED
TRUTH!**

Free, one-year subscriptions will be given to readers who submit items used in this column. In the event of duplications, earliest postmarked correspondence will be selected. ●

Foul Play at Douchebag Olympics



Taking home the gold for East Germany in the backward, barefoot, douchebag marathon is Fraulein Berta Toob. The American runner, right, finished a tight second, but was disqualified when officials discovered that to lighten her load she drank her douchebag during the final eight miles.



SIX INCHES

fiction by
Charles Bukowski

Sarah was plenty. Everything about her spelled S-E-X.

The first three months of my marriage to Sarah were acceptable but I'd say a little after that our troubles began. She was a good cook, and for the first time in years I was eating well. I began to put on weight. And Sarah began to make remarks.

"Ah, Henry, you're beginning to look like a turkey they're plumping up for Thanksgiving."

"Ats right, baby," I told her.

I was a shipping clerk in an auto parts warehouse and the pay was hardly sufficient. My only joys were eating, drinking beer and going to bed with Sarah. Not exactly a rounded life but a man had to take what he could get. Sarah was plenty. Everything about her spelled S-E-X. I had really gotten to know her at a Christmas party for the employees at the warehouse. Sarah was a secretary there. I noticed none of the fellows got near her at the party and I couldn't understand it. I had never seen a sexier woman and she didn't act the fool either. I got close to her and we drank and talked. She was beautiful. There was something odd about her eyes, though. They just kept looking into you and the eyelids didn't seem to blink. When she went to the restroom I walked over to Harry the truckdriver.

"Listen, Harry," I asked, "how come none of the boys make a play for Sarah?"

"She's a witch, man, a real witch. Stay away."

"There's no such thing as witches, Harry. All that has been disproven. All those women they burned at the stake in the old days, it was a cruel and a horrible mistake. There's no such thing as a witch."

"Well, maybe they did burn a lot of women wrongly, I can't say. But this bitch is a witch, take it from me."

"All she needs, Harry, is understanding."

"All she needs," said Harry, "is a victim."

"How do you know?"

"Facts," said Harry. "Two guys

here. Manny, a salesman. And Lincoln, a clerk."

"What happened?"

"They just disappeared in front of our eyes, only so slowly—you could see them going, vanishing..."

"What do you mean?"

"I don't want to talk about it. You'd think I was crazy."

Harry walked off. Then Sarah came out of the lady's room. She looked beautiful.

"What did Harry tell you about me?" she asked.

"How did you know I was talking to Harry?"

"I know," she said.

"He didn't say much."

"Whatever he said, forget it. It's bullshit. I won't let him have any, he's jealous. He likes to badmouth people."

"I'm not concerned with Harry's opinions," I told her.

"You and I are going to make it, Henry," she said.

She went to my apartment with me after the party and I'm telling you I've never been laid like that. She was the woman of all women. It was a month or so later that we were married. She quit her job right off, but I didn't say anything because I was so glad to have her. Sarah made her own clothes, did her own hair. She was a remarkable woman. Very remarkable.

But as I said, it was after about three months that she began making these remarks about my weight. At first they were just genial little remarks, then she began to get scornful about it. I came home one night and she said, "Take off your damned clothes!"

"What, my darling?"

"You heard me, bastard! Strip!"

Sarah was a little different than I had ever seen her. I took off my clothes and underwear and threw them on the couch. She stared at me.

"Awful," she said, "what a lot of shit!"

"What, dear?"

"I said you look just like a big tub of shit!"

"Listen, honey, what's wrong? You

got the rag on tonight?"

"Shut up! Look at that stuff hanging at your sides!"

She was right. There seemed to be a little pouch of fat on each side, hanging just above the hips. Then she doubled up her fists and hit me hard several times on each of the pouches.

"We've got to punch that shit! Break up the fat tissues, the cells..."

She punched me again, several times.

"Ow! Baby, that hurts!"

"Good! Now, hit yourself!"

"Hit myself?"

"Go ahead, damn you!"

I hit myself several times, quite hard. When I was finished the things were still there, though now they looked quite red.

"We're going to get that shit off of you," she told me.

I figured that it was love and decided to cooperate...

Sarah began counting my calories. She took away my fried foods, bread and potatoes, salad dressing, but I kept my beer. I had to show her who was wearing the pants in our family.

"No, damn it," I said, "I won't give up my beer. I love you very much but the beer stays!"

"All right," said Sarah, "we'll make it work anyway."

"Make what work?"

"I mean, get that shit off of you, get you down to a desirable size."

"And what's a desirable size?" I asked.

"You'll see."

Each night when I got home she'd ask me the same question.

"Did you punch your sides today?"

"Oh, hell yes!"

"How many times?"

"400 punches on both sides, hard."

I would walk down the streets punching at my sides. People looked at me but it didn't matter after a while because I knew that I was accomplishing something and they weren't...

(continued)

Soon I was two feet tall. I had to use a potty chair to shit.

(continued)

Things were working, marvelously. I came down from 225 to 197. Then from 197 to 184. I felt ten years younger. People remarked about how good I looked. Everybody except Harry the truck driver. Of course, he was just jealous because he never got into Sarah's panties. *Há* tough shit.

One night on the scales I was down to 178.

I said to Sarah, "Don't you think we've come down enough? Look at me!"

The things on my sides were long gone. My belly hung in. My cheeks looked as if I were sucking them in.

"According to the charts," said Sarah, "according to my charts, you've not yet reached a desirable size."

"Look," I told her, "I'm six feet tall. What is the desirable weight?"

And then Sarah answered me quite strangely:

"I didn't say 'desirable weight,' I said, 'desirable size.' This is the New Age, the Atomic Age, the Space Age, and most important the Age of Overpopulation. I am the Savior of the World. I have the answer to the Overpopulation Explosion. Let others work on Pollution. Solving overpopulation is the root; it will solve Pollution and many other things too."

"What the hell are you talking about?" I asked, ripping the cap off a bottle of beer.

"Don't worry about it," she answered, "you'll find out."

Then I began to notice, as I stepped on the scales, that although I was still losing weight I didn't seem to be getting any thinner. It was strange. And then I noticed that my pantsuffs were hanging down over my shoes—ever so slightly, and that my shirtcuffs were hanging down a bit over my wrists. When I drove to work I noticed that the steering wheel seemed further away. I had to pull the car seat up a notch.

One night I got on the scales.
135.

"Look here, Sarah."

"Yes, darling?"

"There's something I don't understand."

"What?"

"I seem to be *shrinking*."

"Shrinking?"

"Yes, shrinking."

"Oh, you fool! That's incredible! How can a man shrink? Do you really think that your diet is shrinking your bones? Bones don't melt! Reduction of calories only reduces fat. Don't be an idiot! Shrinking? Impossible!"

Then she laughed.

"All right," I said, "come here. Here's a pencil. Now I'm gonna stand against this wall. My mother used to do this with me as a kid when I was growing. Now put a line right there on the wall where the pencil hits after you place it straight across the top of my head."

"All right, silly," she said.

She drew the line.

A week later I was down to 131. It was happening faster and faster.

"Come here, Sarah."

"Yes, silly boy."

"Now, draw the line."

She drew the line. I turned around. "Now see here, I've lost 24 pounds and eight inches in the last week. I'm melting away! I'm now five feet two. This is madness! Madness! I've had enough. I've caught you cutting off my pants legs, my shirt sleeves. It won't work. I'm going to begin eating again. I think that you are some kind of witch!"

Silly boy . . .

It was soon after that the boss called me into the office.

I climbed into the chair across from his desk.

"Henry Markson Jones II?"

"Yes, sir?"

"You are Henry Markson Jones II?"

"Of course, sir."

"Well, Jones, we've been watching you carefully. I'm afraid you just don't fit this job anymore. We hate to see

you go like this . . . I mean, we hate to let you go like this, but . . ."

"Look, sir, I always do my best."

"We know you do, Jones, but you're just not doing a man's job back there anymore."

He let me go. Of course, I knew that I would get my unemployment compensation. But I thought it was small of him to let me go like that . . .

I stayed home with Sarah. Which made it worse—she fed me. It got so I couldn't reach the refrigerator door anymore. And then she put me on a small silver chair.

Soon I was two feet tall. I had to use a potty chair to shit. But she still let me have my beer, as promised.

"Ah, my little pet," she said, "you're so small and cute!"

Even our love life was ended. Everything had melted in proportion. I mounted her but after a while she'd just pick me off and laugh.

"Ah, you tried, my little duck!"

"I'm not a duck, I'm a man!"

"Oh, my little sweet many-man!"

She picked me up and kissed me with her red lips . . .

Sarah got me down to being six inches tall. She carried me to the store in her purse. I could look out at the people through the little air holes she had poked in her purse. I will say one thing for the woman. She still allowed me to have my beer. I drank it by the thimble. A quart would last me a month. In the old days it was gone in 45 minutes. I was resigned. I knew that if she wished to do so she could make me vanish entirely. Better six inches than nothing. Even a little life becomes very dear when you near the end of life. So, I amused Sarah. It was all I could do. She made me little clothes and shoes and put me on top of the radio and turned on the music and said, "Dance, little one! Dance, my duncel! Dance, my fool!"

Well, I couldn't collect my unemployment compensation so I danced on top of the radio while she clapped her hands and laughed.

Sarah picked me up and placed me down between her legs, which she spread open just a bit.

You know, spiders frightened me terribly and flies were the size of giant eagles, and if a cat ever caught me it would torture me like a small mouse. But life was still dear to me. I danced and sang and hung on. No matter how little a man has he will find that he will always settle for less. When I shit on the rug I would get spanked. Sarah put little pieces of paper around and I shit on them. And I ripped off little pieces of that paper to wipe my butt with. It felt like cardboard. I got hemorrhoids. Couldn't sleep nights. Feelings of inferiority, of being trapped. Paranoia? Anyhow, I felt good when I sang and danced and Sarah let me have my beer. She kept me at an exact six inches for some reason. What the reason was, it was beyond me. As almost everything else was beyond me.

I made up songs for Sarah, that's what I called them; Songs for Sarah:

*"o, i'm just a little snot,
that's all right until i get hot,
then there's nothing to stick it in
except the fucking head of a pin!"*

Sarah would clap her hands and laugh.

*"if ya wanna be an admir in the
queen's nocy
just be a clark for the fuckin' nork
grov 6 inches tall and when the
Queen goes to pee
you can peck up inter drippin'
pussy . . ."*

And Sarah would clap her hands and laugh. Well, that was all right. It had to be . . .

But one night something very disgusting happened. I was singing and dancing and Sarah was on the bed, naked, clapping her hands, drinking wine and laughing. I was putting on a good show. One of my best. But, as always, the top of the radio got hot and started burning my feet. I couldn't stand it anymore.

"Look, baby," I said, "I've had it. Take me down. Gimme a beer. No wine. You drink that cheapass wine. Gimme a thimble of that good beer."

"Sure, sweetie," she said, "you put on a wonderful show tonight. If Manny and Lincoln had acted as nice as you, they'd be here tonight. But they didn't sing or dance, they brooded. And worst of all, they objected to the Final Act."

"And what was the Final Act?" I asked.

"Now, sweetie, just drink your beer and relax. I want you to enjoy the Final Act. You are evidently a much more talented person than Manny or Lincoln. I do believe that we can have the Culmination of the Opposites."

"O, hell yes," I said, draining my beer. "Now give me a refill. And just what is the Culmination of the Opposites?"

"Enjoy your beer, little sweetie, you'll know soon enough."

I finished my beer and then the disgusting thing happened, a most disgusting thing. Sarah picked me up and placed me down between her legs, which she spread open just a bit. Then I was facing a forest of hair. I hardened my back and neck muscles, sensing what was to come. I was jammed into darkness and stench. I heard Sarah moan. Then Sarah began to move me slowly back and forth. As I said, the stench was unbearable, and it was difficult to breathe, but somehow there was air in there—various side-pockets and drafts of oxygen. Now and then my head, the top of my head bumped The Man in the Boat and then Sarah would let out an extra-illuminated moan.

Sarah began moving me faster and faster. My skin began to burn, it became harder to breathe; the stench became worse. I could hear her panting. It occurred to me that the sooner I ended the thing the less I would suffer. Each time I was rammed forward I would arch my back and neck, tilt everything of me into this

hooking curve of a thing, bumping The Man in the Boat.

Suddenly I was ripped out of that terrible tunnel. Sarah held me up to her face.

"Come, you damned fiend of a thing! Come!" she demanded.

Sarah was totally drunk on wine and passion. I felt myself being rushed back into the tunnel. She worked me rapidly back and forth. Then suddenly I sucked air into my lungs to increase my size and then I gathered saliva into my jaws and spit it out—once, twice, three times, four, five, six times, then I stopped . . . The stench increased beyond all imagination and then, at last, I was lifted out into the air.

Sarah lifted me into the lamplight and began kissing me all over my head and shoulders.

"O, my darling! O, my precious little cock! I love you!"

Then she kissed me with those horrible red and painted lips. I vomited. Then, spent in a swoon of wine and passion, she placed me between her breasts. I rested there and listened to her heart beat. She had taken me off of her damned leash, that silver chain, but it didn't matter. I was hardly free. One of her massive breasts had fallen to one side and I seemed to be right over the heart. The heart of the witch. If I were the answer to the Population Explosion then why hadn't she used me as more than a thing of entertainment, a sexual toy? I stretched out there and listened to that heart. I decided that she was a witch. Then I glanced up. Do you know what I saw? A most amazing thing. Up in that little crevice below the headboard. A hat pin. Yes, a hat pin, long, with one of those round purple glass things at the end of it. I walked up between her breasts, climbed her throat, got up on her chin (after much trouble), then walked quietly across her lips, and then she stirred a bit as I almost fell and had to grab to a nostril for support. Very slowly I got up by
(cont. on page 95)

National
SCREW
presents
**Norton
Fatbak**
& The
Telephone
Pole

© 1976
LOSSABIAN

color: Scott MacNeill











Conversation With A Smuggler

by Scott French

EN NOTE: "Bob Evans" is a New Mexico-based smuggler. He and his friends bring in some righteous grass from deep in the heart of Mexico. "Bob" is not, of course, his real name, as at the time we go to press, he is still active and happy . . .

Us: Who smuggles?

Bob: Most of the people I deal with are dopers who are tired of paying rip-off prices for good dope. A lot of us are Army or Air Force trained.

Us: What do you fly?

Bob: A Piper Aztec twin—fast cruise (around 250MPH) and good range. I ripped out everything that wasn't nailed down and installed extra tanks for long journeys. I've got several radios set on the various federal frequencies, but nothing else, unless it's essential.

Us: How much dope do you bring back?

Bob: We average about 750 pounds on a good flight. We load it in duffel bags and stick cargo chutes on 'em.

Us: Do you throw the dope out or land with it?

Bob: Both, try and vary the routine. We don't stay with the same m.o. more than twice in a row . . .

Us: What's it like?

Bob: Oh, you know, we take off from a small field in New Mexico or Texas and stay low, hit the border under 500 feet to avoid the radar. A good trip involves going pretty far down, so we usually have one fuel stop somewhere along the way. We're lucky for a small operation; we've got good contacts. We tripped down by van once and met some good front people, they're American. We pay a bit more for the dope, but it eliminates the biggest hassle of the trip, dealing with the Mexican suppliers. You can't trust those guys. A few times everything goes hunky-dory, then they come out of the bushes shooting and bam! That's all she wrote. They're supposed to bring gas, but they're pretty unreliable. Sometimes, it's watered down pretty badly, or they forget. I had one pilot who made the connection okay, gassed up, and found his engines wouldn't do it. Sons of bitches had loaded 'em up with 100 per cent kerosene. . . He had to walk out and catch a ride back up. When we flew back down, no plane, no dope, nothin' . . . There's quite a few wrecked or scavenged aircraft scattered around the desert down there.

Us: What are the other hang-ups, border patrol?

Bob: Naw, those guys aren't too bad—understaffed. They're usually flying low over the border looking for wet-back tracks. We get a few diehards, sure, but the worst are the Mexican Federales. Those guys have a real special place in their hearts for Thompson submachine guns. . . Like to fly right out of the sun on your blind side, kick open the door and start shooting. . . It's a real game to them. We never go up without the guns. . . Can't chance mounted wing guns because we have to use commercial airports, but we're never without a gun for every man aboard.

Us: What do you pay for dope?

Bob: Oh, we average about \$20-\$30 a key. Depends on quality, season, etc. We could go in cheaper, but more risky.

Us: How big is your operation?

Bob: We run about two planes, sometimes more. We can always dig up an out-of-work pilot if we need to. Getting the plane is the problem. Some dudes rip 'em off and change the wing number. But all the border patrol planes have infrared detectors to spot altered numbers. There are other people who are flying big loads, commercial operations every night with multigenined planes that can bring a lot of dope in on one shot. But that takes a lot of organization and a lot of payoffs and people keeping their mouths shut. We'll never get that greedy.

Us: How many planes come over on a heavy night?

Bob: Maybe as many as 60 or 70 on a hot night . . .

Us: Do you pay anybody off?

Bob: No, we don't. Some cats do. One operation I worked with for a while has a whole town set up for them. They've put money into the town, building a little hospital. The mayor helps them load it. The town loves 'em, the farmers sell to them only, everyone treats them like visiting royalty.

Us: What do you use for landing strips?

Bob: Down there, we usually block off a road and use it. Not too much traffic where we are. When we come up, we hit one of the little, almost abandoned, fields in Texas. Emergency landing fields for the FAA. We come in low, do a touch and go, or even stop and head up, then head up into the radar and file a radio flight plan as taking off from that field. We usually head right to a small airport and gas up and then head into Denver, Taos, or even Cal.

Us: What kind of plane is ideal?

Bob: Well, it depends on what you want. We are primarily interested in long range and being able to outmaneuver the Cessnas the Federales use. A Constellation could probably bring in a quarter of a million or so each trip. . . I knew one crazy man who used his Lear jet. . . He'd file a flight plan on business, pick up the dope, and kick it out with cargo chutes just over the border.

Us: Where are the big smugglers?

Bob: Oh, you know, Sausalito is a hot spot. There are bars there that almost cater to the Air Force. Pilots sit around and trade stories about the best trips, close shaves, etc. I read somewhere that Sausalito has more planes than most of the nations that sit at the U.N. . . Some of the big operations are using well over 100 planes. . . including striped-down Constellations.

Us: Why do you do it?

(continued)

Excerpted from *Street Drug Game*; copyright 1976 by Scott French (New York: Lytle Stuart, Inc., 1976).

Smuggler

(continued)

Bob: Well, there's no denying the thrill of setting up the operation. It can get pretty tricky, and it's better bread than we could make anywhere else. I really wouldn't want to sit in a Mexican jail too long, although we could probably buy our way out of anything deep inside. The border patrol would be a bitch, though...

Us: Do most of the big operations bring in hard stuff or just grass?

Bob: Almost everyone brings back a little coke, mostly personal. Other than that, it's pretty much limited to grass. No pills, no smack, or anything.

Us: What else do people use for smuggling?

Bob: There are some guys around, one group in particular, who are getting into some pretty wild trips. Radio-controlled drone planes that can bring in one hundred pounds or so. They fly really low, like under bridges and stuff. Most are short range, just for skipping the border. One guy I knew was even trying hot air balloons. One shipment went fine, one the wind changed. I can still see that guy trying to shoot his balloon down, driving his CJ-5 over the desert with the balloon just outdistancing him. Never got it, either.

Us: Is there anything else you do to the plane?

Bob: We try to make it as invisible as possible, both from the ground and from the air. Camouflage would attract a bit too much notice, so we do the upper half in brown and the bottom in white. Makes the plane pretty nearly invisible from either direction with the right landscape. I usually take one other guy along. A co-pilot who could fly if I got shot up and who can handle a gun. I like shotguns, the Mexicans seem to respect them the most. It at least keeps them back a bit where their Thompsons aren't too accurate.

THE ART OF DOING IT YOURSELF

The major word in do-it-yourself smuggling is—don't. Custom agents are not stupid or lax by any means, and while they are greatly outnumbered (i.e., 600 customs agents for the state of New York versus 6,000,000 passengers a year through the New York entry points), they are also very professional.

True, thousands and thousands of kilos of illicit drugs are brought through or over the borders each year, but the majority are handled by professionals with a good organization behind them, and even they get busted.

A semilong-haired kid is going to get searched through customs. Period. That's all there is to it. If you are heavy, you will be busted. Customs agents miss very little when they have decided to search someone.

They are also hip to almost all the places for bringing in dope. It may seem very clever to sit around and think of putting some hash in your pack frame or putting some lysergic acid in the cologne bottle, but dig it, you stand a very good chance of going up—agents have seen off the hiding places and know where to look.

Also very overworked is the false bottom routine; the putting it in animal cages; making hash into statues or other

"works of art"; filling hollow heels, sandal soles; sewing it into patches or cuffs; or stashing in the spare tire, ceiling panels, doors, air cleaners, or for that matter, anywhere in a vehicle.

A federal smuggling bust is not good. You stand a very good chance of a 100-grand bond for a pound of coke and maybe 15 long, hard years in the joint. Think about it.

Agents do use dogs at some points, and at a couple there have been reports of using electronic "sniffers," which can detect and analyze a few atoms of dope in the air. Very few things can be sealed tight enough to prevent this sort of leakage.

The best way to bring in dope, if you've really got the urge, is probably to avoid customs altogether and just hassle with the border patrols, but success in this field requires as much or more organization, planning, and information (not to mention money) as trying to bluff it through customs.

The diplomatic passport route still works, to some degree. Agents will get permission and bust a diplomatic passport holder if they have reason to believe it is being used for illicit purposes.

MAIL

The mails still bring in a large amount of dope, but the Vietnam "conflict" did much to cut this down. Many international receiving post offices use dogs, X-ray machines, and physical inspections. While not every package gets the treatment, packages to/from hot areas stand a much better chance.

Besides any super standouts, an inspector picks one out of every so many packages and opens it for inspection on a purely random basis. The law of shitty averages being what it is, your dope packages seem to get it more often than the true percentage warrants on this kind of deal.

When dealing with the mails, you have an additional problem to worry about. Many P.O.'s are staffed by young freaks who have the rotten habit of learning the usual places for dope and stealing any they can find before the inspector can get it. While this is certainly preferable to having a cop find it, it is still a loss.

Be advised, if they find dope in the mails, it will often still be delivered, after the narcs are notified, of course. They will follow the receiver and mark him or perhaps give him long enough to open it and dust him.

If you get a package of dope and open it and do not destroy it or call the police, you are guilty of at least possession and maybe worse.

The following letter is written by a former post office "freak":

As a former postal employee, I can attest to the fact that thousands of pounds of narcotics are safely shipped throughout the world via the U.S. Post Office. With the huge volume of mail handled each year, adequate inspections are impossible.

In preparing a shipment of dope to be sent through the mail, remember that the customs inspector is just doing his gig and wants to do as little work as possible. All mail coming into this country from abroad goes along a conveyor belt passed by an inspector. He is told to open every 12th package or anything that looks suspicious.

On July 17, 1971 our beloved ex-President declared a total global war on drugs and drug people.

In most cases, the inspector merely opens the package and looks inside. A hollowed-out statue filled with hash looks just like a statue not filled with hash. [So long as it does not rattle.] A large chocolate bar interspersed with pieces of hash would not get a second look, as long as the wrappers did not appear to have been tampered with. An expensive book in a leather case would draw no attention, even though it might have a drop of acid on each page.

Anyone who thinks that writing three words on the outside of a package will cause anyone to handle it with any special treatment is still living in the dark ages. In shipping, you must take care to wrap each package well. Most illicit shipments are not discovered by the inspectors, but rather when they break apart due to the handling they receive.

Some customs facilities are equipped with X-ray machines, most are of poor quality and cannot see well through tin foil on the inside of the package.

They will not X-ray anything that says on the outside, "Do not X-ray—magnetic tape," or anything that says, "Film." They may open such packages to check and you had better have some film in there, or they'll tear the package apart.

If you follow these instructions, it's hard to get busted, but nothing is impossible. Many misconceptions about mail busts: One, they do not hold busted packages in the P.O. They rewrap it and send it along its way, notifying the norns in the addressee's area. Two, they cannot bust you when you go to pick up the package. They must be able to prove you knew there was dope inside. So, they wait till you take it home and have a chance to open it. If you leave it around for a few days unopened, and the norns descend, there is nothing they can do about it. The only one that can open that package once it's been delivered is you. If you notice strange cars outside your house after you get the package, or if you feel the package has been opened, or you don't recognize the handwriting [sometimes, postal employees will read the package after resealing], or if you have any reason to believe that the package has been rewrapped, hide it. Dig a hole and bury it, throw it away, or let it sit on the shelf unopened, until you are sure it's cool [usually about a week].

Some of the more imaginative shipments are found by mere coincidence. One of the classics was a box marked "urine samples," which actually contained vials of acid. For an authentic touch, the senders had spilled some real urine on the package to look as if a viol had broken open. No one even wanted to touch it, let alone inspect it. After a year of shipping acid this way, the P.O. got wise and hired an inspector to check all the urine samples, broken or not.

And now a word for our fighting men all over the world. Cassettes are the most effective way of doing your thing back to the States. All military mail facilities

are equipped with X-ray machines, but X-raying cassettes would ruin them, so they are left alone. The best thing about cassettes is the sheer number of them. Thousands are sent to the States each day, and they are treated just like regular mail because they're so easy to toss into the right bin.

The important thing to remember when doing it with cassettes is the weight must match exactly with a real cassette. Be sure and seal it well, so it doesn't fly open, but don't use so much tape to be conspicuous.

A last word of advice to heed, or not, as you see fit, is to use your commanding officer's return address, and don't send it to your own home in your own name.

Although all the methods I've mentioned are good, the best thing to do is invent your own. Have fun, turn on your pen pals, but use ZIP CODES.

GENERAL

There are several things one should be aware of when using, or smuggling dope in other lands. The first is that Americans have, very possibly, the shittiest deal going anywhere. On July 17, 1971 (I might add here, with a touch of irony, that is my birthday...) our beloved ex-President declared a total global war on drugs and drug people.

Since this time, America has poured millions and millions into bribing countries not to grow dope (although Turkey has just renounced the bribe and decided to grow opium poppies again), as well as providing "information, advisors, training, commodity and equipment support, and funding" to foreign governments who wish to "develop effective drug law enforcement capabilities."

This translates as our government encouraging drug busts and to the point of scattering CIA agents around the globe to act as informants and "advisors" (remember Vietnam?). These agents do not arrest directly, but do help local police accomplish the same end.

As one might hazard a guess, with America denouncing druggies the world over, she does not do much to help her own citizens when they fall prey to a drug bust. In fact, America probably does less than any other country to help arrested citizens. It has been rumored that America even encourages harsh treatment in foreign (notably, Mexican) prisons, of American prisoners.

At least one person has died because an American embassy refused to help authorize treatment in a proper hospital after the host country recommended it.

Add all this to the fact that many less "privileged" countries do not take well to "rich," long-haired, faggy-looking Americans, anyway, and you have the nucleus of a real problem.

Most people get busted for one of several reasons: they are underfinanced and/or too greedy, they trust the nice, long-haired freak who offered to help them out, they try to beat customs (rather than trying to get through lightly patrolled border regions), or they're just plain unlucky.

(continued)

Smuggler

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If you do get popped in a foreign land, the very least it will do is to help you appreciate America a bit more. Many, many countries have severe sentences, miserable jails, physical confession inducements, and the belief that you are guilty unless proven innocent.

A few things to bear in mind are: never, never, under threat of hanging from your thumbs for 20 years, sign any confessions or papers that you do not understand after being arrested. You will have plenty of time to think about what you want to say afterwards, believe me.

AFGHANISTAN

Money is very important. Potentials are timed at road checks and stopped and searched if the timing appears "suspicious." Many informers, you will be found guilty if arrested. Fine and sentence (figure under a \$1,000 fine for fooling around, several for smuggling). If you pay up, light sentence or release, without, *blam*: heavy time and rough prisons where you must buy your food—or starve.

ALGERIA

Rough laws and rough police. Beatings and such are common. Some bribery and heavy time.

BELGIUM

Average sentences (six months to three years) but may get worse.

CANADA

Easier than the States. Generally a fine for first offense, less than one year for small sales, and seven plus years for importation. Organized intelligence agents, no bribery, no physical abuse.

EGYPT

Oh yeah, figure up to 20 years for "pushing," maybe life (although execution is on the books) for smuggling. Any drugs passing through (such as a flight change at an airport) is counted as *there*.

ENGLAND

Difficult to get bail (if you're not from England), may wait a long time for your case to be heard. Minor fines and/or a taste of time for possession; several years for smuggling. Legal aid available.

Never admit you have ever smoked dope: In some countries (as Turkey and Greece), this statement will send you to jail for at least six months. Never say you shared or gave dope to anyone. Courts will give you much harder sentences if you passed a joint to a native and helped corrupt him, than if you kept it among your weird foreigners.

Always be humble and polite as possible when arrested. Do not answer any questions about your crime, but do it in a polite way.

In some areas, a lawyer can help greatly, some places, it is a waste of time and money. Talk to other prisoners, contact any groups in the area.

It must be noted that in many countries, money is a necessity when you are a criminal. Some places may let you off



**Do not answer
any questions,
but do it
in a polite way.**

ers, set up by one of the many local informers, or arrested (and convicted) on a purely bogus charge. Very heavy sentences, with all "narcotics" (including LSD, hash, grass, str, codeine, demoral, etc., etc.) bring a minimum of two years for possession and 5-20 years for sales, smuggling, receiving letters containing drugs, transport, and other biggies. Police brutality and anti-American sentiments.

HOLLAND

Fairly easy going. Light sentences of under one year for most small offenses and a couple of years for smuggling. Dogs at airports.

INDIA

Not bad, often reasonable fines rather than time. Possible deportation instead of jail, not too many arrests.

ITALY

Funny, hard to tell. May await trial for two years and then be deported. Good lawyer and bribe money can often help. Some of the Mexican "lawyers and friends" brand of rip-off artists around. Possession busts do occur for one joint.

JORDAN

Not too strict. Most busts are from luggage and other cheap smuggling attempts. Less than one year for under five keys of grass. A couple or three years for heavy smuggling. Foreigners can get reasonable bail.

KENYA

If dope busts are in vogue, expect a heavy fine and light time, otherwise,

FRANCE

Heavy busts, seem to hit quite a few Americans. Small personal bits may get a "customs fine" and off or light sentence. Sales or smuggling will net a few years. Long waits for trials, some brutality from the friendly agents, heavy customs fines which are added to your sentence if not paid.

Most all baggage, including personal, is X-rayed. Be especially wary at the Spanish border.

GREECE

Ah yes, wonderful Greece, where thousands of young types go to enjoy the fun 'n' sun. Wonderful Greece where if the local authorities feel you're helping corrupt the young (long hair, that sort of thing), you can/will be busted for smoking reef-

with a bribe, some will give you preferable treatment or reduced charges, and some will send you up anyway, but not beat the hell out of you daily if you pay the prison officials.

Mexico is noted for their shitty prisons and bribe system. A person in a Mexican jail can get food, get out of work, pay protection, and sometimes even get out early or arrange an "escape" with enough money. However, there are many rip-off "lawyers" and "friends" in Mexico who make a habit of contacting American prisoners' relatives in the States and offering release for a couple of thousand dollars. Usually, the money disappears with the "friend."

If you are driving a car and you are "suspect," you can be stopped and the entire car disassembled. If any, and I mean any, dope is discovered, the whole vehicle is then cut up

with torches, if necessary, to find the "rest." If you are convicted, your chances of getting the vehicle (and anything in it) back are about nil.

In many areas, where dope is easily available (Afghanistan, Morocco, Turkey and the like) the customs and local narcs will know what roads you are taking, and how long you spend in certain areas. If any time exceeds what they feel it should, you'll be stopped and searched unexpectedly.

A final word: many cops will use the "if you flink on one other person in your party, you'll go free" routine. *Bullshit!* Many will take both you and the person you pointed at and charge conspiracy and send both of you up for a longer stretch.

a light fine. Avoid lawyers. Dope is not considered too heavy a crime, and you can often pay it down.

LEBANON

Very good customs, quite a few Americans get popped here. Small quantities (if you can convince them that it is personal) may get six months if the customs fine is paid. Larger quantities get in the area of three years.

Many informers, much professional policy brutality, and quick violence if you refuse to sign things.

LIBYA

Bummer.

MEXICO

Many informers, rotten prisons, funny cops, and anti-gringo feelings. Bribery, once the accepted judicial system, is falling off in high places. Try to bribe the cop ASAP (if you're going to try it at all) before your case reaches a higher level. Money is a real necessity to avoid daily beatings in prison and get little luxuries like food.

MOROCCO

Heavy police activity, spot vehicle checks, rough customs, many informers, rip-off lawyers. Sentences are not among the worst, i.e., about one year for possession and two for smuggling. Bribery helps reduce sentences and money keeps your ass in one piece once you are inside.

NEPAL

At the time of this writing, they do have dope laws in Nepal, but they may lose them once again. At any rate, busts result in horrendous pen-



**Some places may
let you off with
a bribe, some may
send you up anyway.**

alties, say \$100 fines for smuggling. It is possible to spend a few days in jail if you blow it. Very bribable, dope is considered sort of an unofficial customs pension plan.

PAKISTAN

Pakistan will note your check points at customs and how far down the road you are in a matter of time. If the actual doesn't jive with the projected, stop and search... many informers. Much very organized smuggling goes on unmolested, so the little guy gets popped to keep up the facade. Not too bad sentences (one year sort of thing), weird jails with a caste system... money... money... money.

RUSSIA

Unless you are a Solzhenetsyn

groupie and want to try out the local labor camps for two years to see if they're all they're cracked up to be, avoid dope in Russia.

SOUTH AFRICA

Eek! Possible to get ten years for dealing, and god knows what would happen if you are black. Why go to South Africa anyway?

SPAIN

Ah yes, the *drifters's*... glorious Spain. Beware of the airports, may check stop-over flights just for the fun of it. Customs duty is high and will be paid or you will get another several years on top of your six-month upward use or three-to-six-year smuggling charge. Some chance of deportation instead of time if it is a small bust (under nine-ten keys), if you are not part of a "conspiracy," have money... good lawyer hard to find and very necessary. May wait six months for trial.

TURKEY

Bad news. Police brutality, heavy fines, three-five years for use or small possession, up to life for smuggling. Heavy blackmailing as police will cut people loose or return passports if you snitch on someone they want. A roach means two years in prison, simple as that. Police are often bribable, judges do not appear to be.

If you are busted overseas, get in touch with your consulate, which will do you absolutely no good except to tell the folks back home that you made it, and contact one of the groups who may be able to at least help you select a good lawyer and give their condolences.

TALKIN' BUNK-MATE BLUES

FAR OUT!

SHIT...

by Trixie Balm

Dwindling communal impulses aside, everybody does it. Living with other humans lifelong, desirable or no — family, classmates, campsite sharers, co-invalids in the minor surgery recovery unit. Unless, that is you've got the good fortune and bucks expedient to purchase privacy. Otherwise, the separate peace afforded by a room of one's own is harder to find than the dog star in the dead of winter. Sorta like living on the 33rd floor of a Jersey hi-riser, so blandly vast and collectively similar it's nigh futile to tell your build-

Roommates leave wet bathmats on the floor and, worse, listen to Simon and Garfunkle!

ing apart from the other monoliths on a clear day and across the sludgy Hudson drunk on oil.

Ironie as it seems, desirable accommodations are easier obtainable than livable social situations. After all, what good's lucking into a lovely three-bedroom apartment, ideally located, if the person you're gonna live with is a shiftless pain in the ass? Assuming you're unable to live alone due to budget, health, psychic integration, or just prefer consistent company at home—you most probably want an agreeable rapport with that person. Somebody on a sympathetic wave length and lifestyle, who won't shirk billpaying and house-keeping demands.

Sound impossible? Improbable, but not beyond the limits of luck and effort. Why, Fortune has been, er, kind—interesting, I mean—these past few years. At least I can't say my roommates have been dull.

First roomed with my younger sister. From babyhood to high school, lack of space decreed we share an upstairs bedroom in our one-family Cape Cod-style house in Queens. Lotsa angles, slanted walls, two windows, three dormers, pretty room. Had beds, bureaus, bookshelves, an old, sagging, phony Early American armchair in the corner; icy linoleum floors, dark brown, streaked pink and beige; and this girly-poo butterflies-'n'-blossoms wallpaper—pink baby blue and lavender on white background with bits of gold sparkle if you looked up close. Spare me! Hated that bedroom by the time I hit 13; also needed extra time to myself for reading, writing, circumspection, mooning over cute boys—the usual "awkward age" preoccupations, augmented by ugly looks and the budding charms of intellectual escapism.

Just as I resented little sis butting in on my own private world at a trying age, she resented me occupying "our" room night and day. Hating both the decor and room-sharing in general, I tried to remediate the situation by erecting a purple bedsheet, partitioning off my bed on all sides. Well! This pissed off my sister, understandably—

made her feel unwanted, chopped up the room scheme, looked "freaky." One night, my sister and I had a huge fistcuffs brawl over bedroom rights.

One A.M. School next day. She starts in:

"Dammit! You always do this—leave that fuckin' light on 'til you're goddamn good and ready to go to sleep—"

"Big shit. I like to read. You nevuh usedta say anything—why now, bratso?" One incident led to another; swears and tablelamps filled the air. Soon she and I were at the top of the stairs, yowling at each other, indignant tears scalding our puffy cheeks. I kicked her, hard. Fast foot to the tender groin.

"Ooh, I'll kill you!" Arms and legs flying, all cuteness and rage, a regular terrible cherub from the Roller Derby finals, she swung at me a couple times. Hit me—once. I kicked her down the stairs.

Unharmd, my sister glared at me from the bottom of the staircase, hate pure as an ambulance flasher pouring from her puckered face. "Eeyarrgggh!"—down the stairs after her I lunged, Sylvester after Tweety Pie.

Going at it full-throttle, we flailed, punched, yanked out hair, cursed ourselves hoarse. Mom had to referee us apart before the bruises became broken bones. Worst fight of my life, just about, all because we were sick of sharing the same room for 15 years, leaving neither me nor my sister our respective privacy. That night, I relocated down to the basement, purple sheets and all, letting her stay in that hideous white butterflyed room.

* * * * *

Boarding school next. The pits. Spent my junior year of high school there on account of overall family strife—soon replaced by a whole new slew o' troubles. Peer group coping problems. Found getting along with girls and guys extremely hard—especially girls, most of 'em seemingly self-centered, petty, and boy-fixated to the extent brains and self-expression never

existed. Great coquettes and manicurists, those girls in the dorm. Pass through the lobby any weeknight after study hall, Saturday just before supper, and the head count of turkish-toweled young girls in terry robes with masqued faces and nail files easily outnumbered the guys who were hanging out at the pool table, banding together for want of female initiative and simple sense.

In the dorm the girls stayed, primping so's to become idly prettier. Except for Sue Swift and me, that is: Suzi's ego and spunk set her on a par with the guys—they respected and accepted her. High-energy seductiveness had something to do with it, too. The guys felt safe around me. The brainy, empathetic confidante, I knew inside none of the guys wanted sexual involvement with me back then, and I didn't pressure anybody but one sweet senior boy I had an awful crush on who just wasn't interested in girls.

Lake Grove School's female poolshark, Sue Swift, me, and a dazed, languid-mannered brunette with a short shag-cut, named Dorrie, roomed together. Of ten girl's dorm rooms, ours was comparatively agreeable—considering how we could barely tolerate each other's presence in the room longer than 20 minutes at a stretch. Besides, we all smoked rather heavily, and cigarettes were only permitted in the lobby—fire regulations. Our musical preferences clashed horribly. Dorrie listened to Simon & Garfunkel and the Doobie Brothers. Sue thrived on Janis Joplin, Alice Cooper, Elton John. I could take or leave all but Janis at the time, doting on Carly Simon, the Stones, Switched-On Bach, Linda Ronstadt. No headphones convenient, I'd gladly relocate to the lobby or a friend's room when Dorrie'd drift in, sulky, whacked-out from prescription Darvon for her problem back, and play Parsley, Sage, Rosemary and Thyme stomach-down on her bed.

Why I keep harping on about music and moodiness: they're my two main constants, necessities in life. When
(continued)

Bunkmate Blues

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either's amiss—bad music or bad mood—life's a bitch. When they both suck, forget it! Stands to reason the inverse holds: good music during a good mood creates invincible euphoria, and either, at its optimal, has the power to upgrade dismal music or mood. Music has more power over mood than vice-versa, therefore the aftereffects of pleasing aural stimuli hit stronger, last longer. I'm very moody, sensitive, sensitive to music. Without rock 'n' roll, R&B, church and country music, I might not've survived a wham-bang snowballing '70's adolescence. "The blank generation," bound and gagged Nixonian age inheritors. But... although music's diverting, mood rules. Brain and guts. Depressed music doesn't dent a good mood the way goodtimey tunes nauseate me when depressed.

Victimized by strong moods and musical tastes in boarding school, distantly hostile one hour, bubbling with charm to whoever seemed receptive the next, the other Lake Grove students didn't know exactly how to take me. I was endearingly dubbed "Sarah Heartburn." Also "phony," "fuck-up," and "manipulator." (Gestalt was the faculty's middle name and most effective disciplinary method.) In regards to adding injury to insult, the girls at boarding school were precious.

Once, our dorm held a marathon emergency meeting that lasted 80 hours, all 23 girls plus two dorm mothers cramming the lobby floor with sleeping bags, pillows, hairbrushes, stuffed animals, cigarettes. Nobody was allowed to leave; a box of Barton's chocolates was missing from Joanne a.k.a. Jo-Jo's closet cache. Issue at stake: trust. There was normally very little, if any, theft at Lake Grove School, so naturally this little breach of trust had to be turned inside out and righted. We spent a grueling three days in hungry, red-eyed boredom, sprawled across the old varnished wood floor like veal calves. My roommate Sue, leggy and long-trunked, redheaded and outrageously arrayed in a satin blouse and bangle bracelets, lied atop her blanket, thoughtfully chewing picked-off cuticles, puffing cigarettes with female punk finesse (cf. Natalie Wood, *Inside Daisy Clover*). Suaver than anyone,



While quite ravishing, Sue's ear-tonguing and nipplelicking didn't get me off the same as a man swizzling up inside of me.

principal included, Sue was above accusation, unapproachable. She was girder-strong and nifty, though skittish as an amphetamine barmaid. Dealing drugs from hashish and white crosses to acid, opium and peyote, including thorazine, Quaaludes, and her own prescription valium was Suzi's No. 1 sideline. No. 2? Bisexual whoring, innocuous quickie jobs at a modest price.

* * * * *

Suzi introduced me to love, lesbian-style. Late one dismal night, during a flu epidemic that felled almost the entire school, she whispered to me hoarsely, across the room: "Hey, I'll Trix. C'mon here a sec." In eager hopes of a bawdy jokefest, maybe sharing a bowl or two of good primo out the bathroom window, I went. Tiptoeed over to Sue's bed and slipped in beside her, glad for the warm closeness of her beautiful, boyishly angular body—after having been confined to bed, alone, for a week, quarantined with all the girls except Suzi (recently turned ill), Dorrie and two others unaffiliated by the flu. Uncoiling from a lazy stretch, Sue twined her arms around my unsuspecting neck. "Dear I'll Trix!" she murmured. "Wontcha cuddle closer, mmm?"

Sure, I loved her—but, intimacy with women? Shit, once I get all

revved-up and horny, I want cock! Finger-fucking and getting sucked off don't satisfy me like a good solid fucking; while quite ravishing, Sue's ear-tonguing and nipplelicking didn't get me off the same as a man swizzling up inside of me. With Sue, I couldn't respond wholeheartedly, either—felt too self-conscious, loving a woman. How do men manage, I wonder? Women are rumored such delicate, hard-to-please lovers. Seems to take endless foreplay to get females off—gentle manipulation, yet: tweaking their clits sensually, rubbing their labial lips with just the right pressure and rhythm. I couldn't do it.

Mostly because I felt overly awkward, unsure of my own sexuality at age 17 to love a girl. Homosexual love I could accept theoretically, only I wasn't ready to partake of practices so personally taboo and guilt-provoking.

Oh, but Sue's sultry endearments! Her caresses like mother-of-pearl against lace, "Blue Angel" Garbo corrupting "Wizard of Oz" Garland, her ardent, throaty sighs and coos burbling in my eardrums, balmy, lustful gushes of remembrance! Balking at first, I returned her frantic, moist kisses and hugged her passionately, yet I never really reconciled myself to the idea I was loving a woman; it still wasn't really "right" or fully pleasurable. Sue and I had the emotional link requisite for good sex, but we lacked that essential connection: pussy and cock. Ah, if only she or I'd been born male!

* * * * *

Back to the perilous side of dormlife. As that tortuous meeting dragged on its due course, I wound up prime suspect. Super-thin, unliked weirdos are natural chocolate thieves. Despite my bearded protestations—no, I didn't swipe it; I detested chocolate anyway and never touched the stuff, still don't—one by one the girls came to decide that yes, I was the culprit: I stole Jo-Jo's chocolate. Suzi knew better, and in the spirit of liberty an' justice for the oppressed, she rallied to my defense. In her rolling sultry rasp, sulphur before the flameburst, long bozo hair wreathing her lively freckled face, Sue drawled:

"Aaw, c'mon Jacks, Trisix didn't rip off that shit! It isn't possible. She was out at canteen with me the whole day. Besides, I nevuh seen her eat anything chawklit. She ain't lyin'..."

A collective "Oh" of suspended belief

SHIT...



riffled the stuffy lobby, like a spritz of air freshener to my ears. Past caring what emotion my face belied, guilty or persecuted, the girls' attention focused on dorm mother Jackie, a swarthy, bulldyish butterball of a woman whose easy sense of humor would slide into fury at the merest hint of misbehavior. Jacks listened to Sue with blasé courtesy; responded with impatient ire: "Look, Sue. We all know you two are tight friends. Of course you'd lie to get her off the hook." Jacks seized Sue by the shoulders and shook her for emphasis. "You don't have to cover for her. Confess! You know, and I know, who stole those chawlkits, and she knows by now nobody's leaving this room until Joanne gets her candy back—right, Jo-Jo?" Ashen with fear, Sue, Joanne and I nodded.

The meeting ended several hours later. Turned out an innocent-looking little 12-year-old, new to Lake Grove, had swiped the candy out of Joanne's closet, then gobbled down the evidence because she was lonely, wanted attention, loved chocolate. Poor kid. Felt like murdering the brat—taking three days plus to confess, letting the other girls string me up while she took her damn sweet time. Oh well—justice don't come easy in close quarters, divided camps.

* * * * *

College, freshman year, I moved into the SUNY Purchase dorms, forsaking freedom and privacy for the vows of poverty, scholarship, conviviality. To socialize or shun folk. Introversion for art's sake. Superficial, emotional attachments in lieu of deep, lasting ties. In order to feel as though you truly "belonged" to the student body—a feeling mastered by few, coveted by even fewer—nothin' short of a legendary repete or outstanding partying record (every night, nighttime, from one end of campus to the other) would accrue the aspirant True Purchase status. Too great a demand on my temperament, unfortunately; soon couldn't hack being around people constantly, my roommate in particular.

Ellen Weiss was from Great Neck. Seventeen and a half years old; hadn't lived away from home till that very nerve-boggling pilgrimage to the fluorescent corridors of Academia. Ellen and I first met over a box-lunch supper (tuna flakes on styrofoam bread, courtesy of Servo) in the hall by

**I tyrannized Ellen Weiss.
Posted up my
Coca-Cola ads, Rod
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our suite—four blah cubicles with mud-brown linoleum tile floors, regulation dorm furniture from New York State, two sets; two walls of brown brick, two of white plasterboard, a complimentary cork strip on opposing walls. Both Ellen and I itched to transform the room into something spectacular, a room that'd be the envy of freaks from counties around: posters, batik prints, hanging candles and plants, pillows, incense, the whole hippie shebang.

About this time, however, I'd decided to disavow myself of hippedom, preferring the Noo Yawk City slick kid/artist/punk rocker ethic instead of yawnsome, laid-back Granola-lady atavisms. Living in a time warp had to stop. Began to shun, like the clap, everything that represented clinging to the plaid-flannel-construction-boot past I'd self-extricated from but recently. So, when Ellen, my SUNY Purchase roommate, meekly suggested putting up Grateful Dead and Bob Dylan posters all over the room, on the door inside and out, I hit the ceiling. Ranting and foot-stamping, I let Ellen know that only over my dead body would I be within close eyeball contact with anything having to do with "that shit."

Unreasonable? Demands that absolute are somewhat out of line—even brattily immature, I'll admit—but sometimes, I'm ticked off by the most

trivial things with roommates. Sometimes blinded and deafened by selfishness. When threatened, I get crabby. Retaliate. So, I tyrannized Ellen Weiss. Posted up my Coca-Cola ads, Rod Stewart and David Bowie posters, did everything I could to be obnoxious. We eventually ended up sharing more of an all-out war zone than a crash pad that doubled as study hall. For me, mostly, and my short-lived bouts of poetic inspiration at the typewriter. Two A.M. seemed a sensible hour to knock off the noise and crawl under the covers for a 15-minute read. But—Ellen couldn't see it quite that way. Her schedule was early mornin' rise 'n' shine, tanning on the fields with fellow sun-worshippers on summery days, chumming it up with the girls, playing yenta, whereas moroseness and solitude suited me to a T. Actually, fear of people plus a slavish dedication to "work" (whatever jerkoff blather I could wheedle from the typewriter keys, mostly song lyrics, letters, and short stories for writing workshop) caused me to despise Ellen; to resent her, moreover, for being the embodiment of a normal, happy-go-lucky young female. Of course, Ellen was undeniably possessed of many a flaw—compulsive nosing, hypochondria, nervous hypertension with no expressive outlet—whereas I dance a lot, sing, play guitar, and type like a shuttlecock.

Didn't matter that Ellen was a scatterbrained, lonesome mess, a neurotic Granola coed concerned foremost with finding herself an omnipresent boyfriend. My compassion didn't extend to her. The odds against our friendship were too overwhelming. Had to get rid of her—fast—sparing no great pains or personal qualms on my part. I mean, life with Ellen was so miserable it transcended misery, so foisting it back on her seemed only fitting at the time. Was it fair for me to relocate typewriter, dictionary, notebooks, ashtray and cigarettes into the lobby every night after 11—because Ellen needed her sleep, eight full hours, else she'd break out in hives? For revenge, I made plenty of racket when I came to bed—woke her up mercilessly—no remorse.

Ellen played the Grateful Dead's *European Tour '72* and *American Beauty* albums over and over till I thought I'd crack. So, I blasted Mott

(cont. on page 96)



THE NEVADA OP

by Larry Wichman

I was sitting around the office, legs up and cogitating over the Eighth Avenue strumpets and the massage parlors—my regular beat—and reliving the charms of a hothouse specialty number I had come across in my last case, when the Old Man called. Too fat to go out in the field himself, he relied on me to turn the tricks and find the tasty poozle.

Every trade has its special tricks, and the trick of a savvy sex detective is knowing which is the right girl by how she gets down and wets the wick—mine, that is. This time we were seeking the chick who gave the best half-and-half in Nevada. And I was just the man to find her, half-and-half being my specialty. Description: She'd have the engaging mouth and cunt that spells success in the bay, could wrap gums around a john and awaken lurid sensations in the medulla. Besides this, she'd look like a girl you wished lived next door, a good whore who knew her place and how to fit a man into it.

Since Nevada has legal prostitution, most of its pros fit that description, but I'd find the best if I had to poke my prod into every mouth and twat in Nevada.

I took an early flight out to Vegas. The stews were cute, but they weren't what I was after. A lot of stews on the Las Vegas or Reno run turn pro in Nevada when times get rough—but these were still up in the air. I didn't plan on starting my search in Vegas since it and Reno are the only two counties in Nevada to outlaw prostitution. Sure, there's plenty of massage parlors and escort services—but no sex there. There is the casino trade, but it's as sneaky as any other state's, and I wasn't looking for a trick that had to be bought with a tip to the bellboy. My quail was a real working girl and that meant the brothel trade. I rented a car and set off down Highway 93 to check on the two brothels that do the major Vegas trade.

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From bottom left: Judy's Coyote Ranch, Rt. 95, outside Vegas. Sherri's Ranch, Rt. 95. Sterlight Ranch, Rt. 50, outside Reno. Fren's Ranch, Rt. 95, between Scotty's Junction and Goldfield.



Nevada

(continued)

Nevada's real democratic; each county has the option to allow cat-houses—and few counties have any objection. A well-run bordello brings in taxable revenue, and madams donate well to charities and keep the dolls in line as well. The communities don't gripe, they know economics, and the economics of Nevada are built on gambling and flesh—whether it's the whorehouse trade or the quickie divorce system. I picked up a copy of *A Bachelor's Guide to the Brothels of Nevada* (by Gerald Paine, Eros Gold-stripe Publication) to check the routes and ratings.

Sheri's Ranch was my first stop. Situated about 69 miles out of Vegas—you need a map to find it—and comes up out of the desert like a welcome mirage. *Sheri's* had the highest rating in the *Guide*, so I figured it would be a good place to start. *Sheri's* is clean, elegant even. The hookers lined up, smiling, no come-on. Brothel girls are fair. There's plenty to go around so they don't overdo the let game, just smile real sweet and let you do the choosing. I picked Sandy. She looked fine standing there in her bikini underwear, blonde-brown hair reaching her shoulders, large, soft, naturally red lips pulling me to her.

I paid my \$25 and we went to her room. While she was washing my cock I tried the standard joke trick which separates the whores from the girls. As

she soaped me down and checked for V.D., I turned on the nervous john charm. "Hey, ma'am, what does soap taste like, huh?" She glanced at me witheringly and grunted, proceeding pragmatically with the wash-up in the "peter pan."

I knew this wasn't the trick I was trailing. My girl could laugh at anything. She'd flash a toothsome smile, throw back her head, making the hair swirl like a shampoo ad, and laugh like trickling water while tickling my cock with her fingers. This chick was a cunt. No perfect whore would grunt and look sullen. Her attitude made even my professional prick limp. She noticed and quickly rubbed it back to fullness, and I forgave her sullenness—a little. I knew my joke wasn't a gasser, but I was in search of perfection and that meant she should have made me feel like a wit, not a wimp.

I had asked for a half-and-half. She half-heartedly went down on me, doing well, obviously trained, but no enthusiasm. As soon as I had a reading on her ability, we flopped onto the bed. She was as disinterested in screwing as in blowing, made a few unconvincing grunts, moved her hips trying to force my rhythm. I must admit I came, but then I'm a pro, too, and coming doesn't always mean satisfaction. With her it was a Chinese dinner special. I came and still felt hungry—but not for her. As soon as I released my load she rolled me off and headed for the sink. Polite to the end, I dressed and said, "So long, baby, it's been interesting," and received another grunt for my trouble.

Sandy, thank the powers that make strumpets, is not a typical Nevada whore. Having tasted the best, I'm in a position to say that her style had no shape, and on a scale of one to ten, she might make a two.

Most of the bordellos in Nevada are located either in the desert or in one-gas-station towns. *Sheri's* gets the Vegas trade along with sister house *Judy's*, a half mile further down the road. I had gotten word that the chick I sought wasn't at *Judy's*, but I wanted to check the scene anyway. When you're a pro, you're a pro, and I might not get back to this desolate country for a while.

Both *Sheri's* and *Judy's* are the house trailer variety of brothel. It's amazing what modern technology has done for the trailer. *Judy's* serves up a waterbed room for \$50 and a porn movie room complete with loops for a C-note. It also serves up some delectable dishes, but having wasted my load at *Sheri's*, I wasn't in shape to test the sweet asses of *Judy's* so soon. I talked to the girls, and they were buxom, bright-eyed, and busy, and there's a sense of lovely cunt pervading the old-time atmosphere.

Sheri's and *Judy's* are northeast of Vegas on Route 93 and, although 93 is well traveled, it's bleak and my instincts told me not to bother with the long ride to the desolate center of Nevada where there are few houses of any kind. My alternatives were Interstate 80, known as The Whorehouse Highway, which runs between Reno and Salt Lake City and has 17 brothels, or Route 95 between Las Vegas and Reno. Since I was in Vegas and had no

real desire to meet up with Salt Lake's Mormons, I chose 95. I wired the home office, hired a better car for the 480-mile trek, checked my equipment, and headed out down the road.

My first stop was *The Shamrock* in the tiny township of Lathrop Well. *The Shamrock* is an Old West whorehouse for those with frontier tastes. The whores strut about in hot red nightgowns, just the thing for a quickie back to the days of Matt Dillon and Miss Kitty. There are nine buildings in Lathrop Wells, and *The Shamrock* nestles anonymously into the atmosphere. Even with my sharp eye I couldn't guess which house it was until a young lovely with a sleepy gaze came out on the porch for a mid-morning stretch. I checked the scene, but didn't find my girl. It looked like I'd have to go back on the road.

Nevada is barren country. Outside of the well-watered palms of Vegas and the grassy plateau on which Reno rests, there's just cactus, sand, scrubweed, and sagebrush. Driving is a conveyor belt exercise with no reprieve but cathouses and sunsets. I traveled across the Amargosa Desert counting tumbleweed to stay awake on the way to Beatty, where *Fran's Star Ranch* is domiciled. *Fran's* is an old converted farmhouse, rather run-down and seedy. The chicks are the sluttier type, good at what they do, but no class. Miss Half-and-half wasn't there, so tired, but rather optimistic, I headed for *The Cottontail*.

I'd been looking forward to *The Cottontail*. Its rep is one of the best and its madam, Beverly Harrell, one of the finest women in the trade. I had first met Beverly in Vegas when she was guest speaker for the Nevada Businesswomen's Association. Her carriage and rap were impressive. Beverly cares about her girls, their working conditions, and their clients. Someday she'll probably get the Employer of the Year award, if not a literary prize for her book, *An Orderly House* (Dell Publishing Co.). Beverly once ran for the Nevada State Legislature and, if there was ever a candidate I could get political about, this woman was it. She's no slouch when it comes to marketing sex, and neither are her girls.

There were seven girls working when I entered, all looking like fine fucks. There was something about Marie that announced clearly to my educated palate that she might be the

one. She had that chunky Italian look, earthy, with great eyes that looked like lust's dream dawning. She wore a washed-out blue satin nightgown with lace on the edges, and she filled it with tits big enough for a fine tit-fuck. It reached her knees and added a gamine look to her. It was Marie's first day on the job; told me she'd been working as a secretary and giving away what men pay a mint for. Lots of chicks try that new-on-the-job game, figuring that it lends an air of virginity—but Marie was new, really new!

We trotted to her room and I gave her the \$25 for a half-and-half. While she went to give it to the money holder, I stripped down and got erect just waiting. Marie didn't know how to check for V.D. so one of the other girls came in to teach. She watched like an eager beaver, running her tongue around well-molded lips in anticipation. The checker cradled my balls and

**When I came
she was delighted,
and wanted to
give me
a second fuck free.**

gave my cock a few stiff yanks to start the juices moving, squeezing out a drop of fluid, and checked for discoloration. I was fine. I had to be; I'd been checked at every house on the road.

Nevada's brothels are very V.D.-conscious. Every john gets checked and the whores are checked every week with a blood test monthly. Sensible, good for business, and it sure beats the street trade in most states where whores spread V.D. wholesale.

We were finally alone. Marie went down on my cock like a bride on her wedding night. She took it between her breasts and, when I reached the moment when only penetration satisfies, we rolled sweaty and hungry onto the bed and screwed like we were getting to know each other. No rush, lots of passion. When I came she was delighted, and wanted to celebrate by giving me a second fuck free. But it was 180 degrees and I had miles to go before I slept, so we said affectionate good-byes

and she went back to work. It was the best sex I had throughout the trip and, for a moment, I thought I'd found my girl, but Marie had stretch marks and I knew that the girl I sought had skin so smooth that even a wrinkle would seem cavernous.

My next stop was *Babbies' Buckeye Bar*, on Route 6, just a mile east of 95 outside of Tonahpah. *Babbies'* is a nice, homey place, complete with saloon. Their Bloody Mary's send a man flying, usually into the arms of an accommodating saloon girl. The selection wasn't up to *The Cattantail's*, but the girls are certainly willing and try hard.

I lit out for *The Mustang Ranch*, an operation so large that it has waiting lists of aspiring hookers. *The Mustang* is different from all the other brothels. Its meat and potatoes is the fast track. In fact, *The Mustang* qualifies for the McDonald's award for fast service. They don't skimp on the merchandise, the prettiest, sauciest strumpets in the state, but it's a get-him-in-get-him-up-get-him-off-get-him-out atmosphere. The place is so busy that the girls have no time for a chat and chew. There were ten to 15 girls lining up and I was told to pick immediately. Not exactly a home-sweet-home place to settle into. *The Mustang* is so big that they bug the girls' rooms to keep track of them in case of trouble. And there's a strictly enforced time limit imposed on your orgasm; if you don't come in 20 minutes, either you put it down to a lost cause or plunk down another ten bucks for added time.

Joe Conforte, whoremaster of *The Mustang*, believes in a tight ship and that ship is a treasure boat. The girls are lined up like products on a shelf and there are usually 20 on duty at a time. I never thought of myself as a romantic, in fact I agree with him in theory, business theory that is, but the mechanical feeling in the air is not titillating to the gonads.

I picked Ginger. Her eyes twinkled like copper pennies at the sight of my \$25. A chick who knew she was making over a smoleone a minute. She had on a purple pants suit suitable for shopping in a Wichita mall. A blonde, fair-skinned type you took into the haystack. We went to her room, went through the preliminaries like a pro, and settled in for a suck and fuck. Ginger had a shaved cunt, a real peach, and I wanted to play Henry Miller and

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Nevada

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look for a grand piano. No time. Ginger went through her paces so rapidly that when it came to penetrating her smooth snatch, I was unaroused. I could get it up but I couldn't come. I did everything I knew how in the next 15 minutes to make myself come, but the longer I plugged away, the further off was my orgasm. And then my time was up. Feeling guilty about the useless pummeling I was giving her over-worked cunt, and unwilling to lay out another sawbuck, I dismounted and headed for the car.

As a business, *The Mustang* functions fine, and I'm sure that anyone who hadn't humped as many hookers as I had in the past five days would have gotten off—but the old-fashioned, easy-going brothels are easier places to come in.

I was feeling low that afternoon, but duty called and I had to check the rest of the Reno area. Down around Carson City I checked out a parcel of



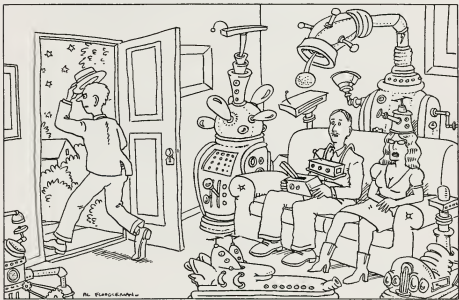
**The sensation
of failure,
like impotence,
crushed
the male hunter
in me.**

poozie in the rauchiest ranches, *The Moonlite*, *The Starlite Ranch*, and *The Kitkat*. They made me feel like I was back on my New York beat looking at ten-buck clip joints on Eighth Avenue.

The girls were pretty enough, but didn't raise much of a turmoil in my testicles. Still, a friendly bunch.

My last stop was memorable. *The Sagebrush*, where I found Penny. Penny was a weekender, a divorced waitress with kids, she made extra moolah giving the finest blowjob in town. A dyed platinum blonde from the Marilyn Monroe mold with breasts just starting to sag, Penny knew how to get a man off. A fine, drawn-out technique and a mouth that looked great with a cock between its lips. The first half of the half-and-half was a joy to any connoisseur, and once again I thought I had struck gold. But alas, it was only brass; Penny was a nice but indifferent fuck.

It was the end, I had failed. The sensation of failure, like impotence, crushed the male hunter in me and sent me back to New York a saddened but wiser man. Miss Half-and-half was a myth, a dream so glorious that no man could attain her. The whores I had were the best, and still each had a fatal flaw. But I'd tried, goddamnit, I'd tried. ●

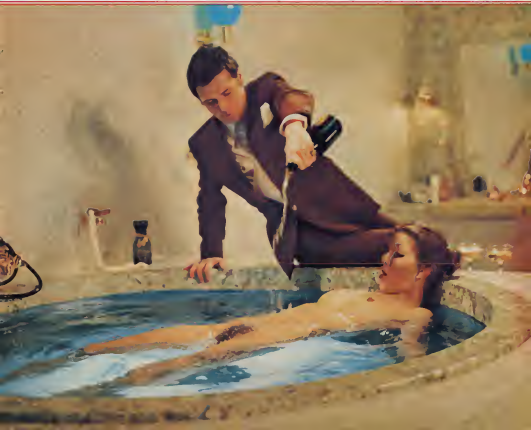


"Goodnight," he said, as he turned and left them to their own devices.

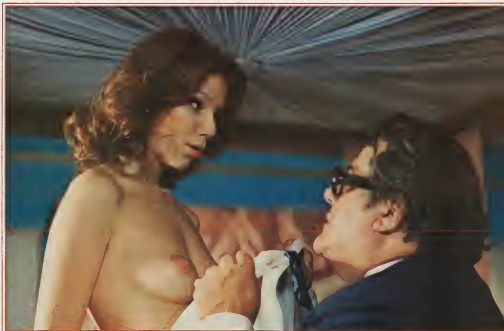


Take Fanny Hill and Molly Brown, mix in some soft de Sade, heat and serve:

The Swedish Minx







There has been a new trend in blue movies—to have a plot, and to set the plot within an expensive package. *The Opening of Misty Beethoven*, *Expose Me, Loosely*, and *The Story of Joanna* are three that rank top in their class. And now, *The Swedish Minx* joins them.

Opulence is the key to *The Swedish Minx*, a Swedish Filmproduction International release, to be distributed in the U.S. by Cambist Films, Inc. for November, 1976, theatre dates. The budget was \$350,000, but more important than the sum was the care taken with the film. There are no short cuts in setting, technical expertise, eroticism or plot. There is also an added ingredient, which puts *The Swedish Minx* high in its class—humor. And, as a blue film expert said, "Humor in porn films makes them palatable for the middle class; they can laugh as they get turned on, and so excuse their voyeurism."

The Swedish Minx has an international cast. Brigitte Maier (star of
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Sensations), a whore in the luxurious brothel, and Harry Reems, the eccentric American millionaire, are the best known of this sexy cast. Bie-Warburg, a gaminy blonde, plays sweet Justine who wants nothing more in life than virtue, true love, and Prince Charming. But virtue, at least at the beginning of the film, does not lead to gold, and poor Justine is relegated to existence as a drab and lonely single.

Big sister Juliette, played handsomely by Maria Lynn, is uninterested in the moral niceties as long as she can have the material advantages. She does the reasonable, and hires out to the most affluent brothel in Stockholm. Being as beautiful as she is unscrupulous, Juliette has little trouble becoming the brothel's high-

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est paid pro. She's such a pro that she, like Defoe's Moll Flanders, manages to sell her virginity 74 times.

The brothel whores are all trying to screw the millionaire to death—literally. He is a satyr with a bad heart and a will that leaves all his dollars to the whore he's with when pronounced dead.

The culmination of the film, and of Harry, is a murder-by-sex orgy with enough costumes and bodies to enchant any Ziegfeld buff. And, for the moralistic, you'll be glad to know that ultimately virtue is rewarded, and rewarded well. ●





(Having finished the last show, Angela Dearheart pauses backstage before her long trek home to Hoboken.)

A RAP ON THE DOOR

In comes Dominic Lovelace, dashing financier and frequenter of the bawdier clubs:



"Here, my Dearheart, I bring you a floral tribute. Will you place my roses and my heart against your milky breasts?"

SMUT FROM THE PAST



"Fie, Mr. Lovelace, that's enough. What kind of girl do you think I am?"

"Ah, my dear, I know what kind of girl you are," and opens a box of fine simulated pearls before Angela's avaricious gaze.



"Now, that's a gentleman for you," Angela squeals and allows a quick feel before retiring, pearls, Lovelace and all, into the adjoining boudoir.

From the time Adam first copulated with Eve, man has felt the need to graphically record the sexual experience. Erotic adventures were depicted on the walls of caves, the temples of India, the frescos of Greece and Rome and the labyrinth of Minos.

With the advent of the camera, Everyman became an erotic artist—and any willing wife, mistress or trollop became meat for the lensman. The earliest photographs, taken in the early 19th century were of single nude women against drapes. By the Victorian Era, the artist had discovered the joys of modeling and was soon seen holding his lusty armful.

Enterprising photographers found a ready market for sexy photos and the first underground smut market was

established. But, Everyman still took his own photographs and hid them in dusty trunks, behind books and in old hatboxes, taking them out for private stimulation or for personal friends. Years later, children and grandchildren cleaning attics have come across pictures of their forefathers and mothers, laughed at the hairdos and sent them on to us.

This column could not exist without the enthusiastic support of our readership. When it first appeared in the tabloid *SCREW* five years ago, it rapidly became a favorite, and readers sent in more and more photographs every issue. Each and every sample of superannuated smut art has been loaned to us by generous admirers who wish to share their erotic treasures.

Take the high-class smut shots here — were it not for the good offices of the kindly collector this friendly encounter between a portly Gibson girl and her rakish turn-of-the-century seducer might never have seen the light of day.

In order to continue our mission, one of considerable cultural and socio-erotic value, we need your continued cooperation. Assemble any old smut material, whether single photos or sets, you may have hidden away in the cobwebbed corners of your home, place them in a brown envelope, and send them to *Nostalgia Department, NATIONAL SCREW, 116 W. 14th Street, New York, N.Y. 10011*. If we run your contribution here, you'll be 25 bucks up on your fellow man. ●



Photograph by Ron Palfreys

Feminine Fuckability Test

A scientific test for Ladies with Qualms

by Doctor Tadeus L. Farnboggle, Ph.D.

It has been scientifically established that the 70's contain more vacant vaginas than any other decade in recent memory. The hotels, YWCA's, rooming houses, and luxury apartment buildings are swarming with young ladies of lustful intent coupled with a pathetic inability to realize their erotic ambitions. While they spend their evenings with a TV set and a Japanese vibrator, an equally large number of vigorous young men are fruitlessly combing the bars, theatres and sad disco parties, seeking a warm haven for their rigid and frustrated pricks. Obviously somebody—

damned near everybody—is doing something wrong.

At the Scientific Institute for the Proliferation of Sexual Intercourse, we have devised a sure-fire test for rating feminine fuckability. This test was made possible through a generous grant from a major foundation. By answering your questions on this test honestly, you can determine your own F.Q. (Fuckability Quotient) and, correct your mistakes. All of these questions can be answered with a simple yes or no. At the end of the test we will explain the rating system so that you can analyze your own sexual potential.

1. Is one of your chief complaints, "My God, why do I always seem to get stuck with losers and sickies?"
Yes___ No___
2. Is another of your chief complaints, "There aren't any real men anymore!"
Yes___ No___
3. Have you ever dated a homosexual more than once before you realized he was queer?
Yes___ No___
4. Have you been laid less than five times in your life?
Yes___ No___
5. Have you been laid so many times you've lost count?
Yes___ No___
6. Do you go to X-rated movies alone?
Yes___ No___
7. Have you ever been fucked in the back seat of a taxicab?
Yes___ No___
8. Have you ever been fucked in a bathroom or a bedroom during a crowded party?
Yes___ No___
10. Do most of the men you know have roommates?
Yes___ No___
11. Have you ever fucked a stranger within two hours after meeting him?
Yes___ No___
12. Have you ever fucked a blind date?
Yes___ No___
13. If you are white, have you ever spread your legs for a black?
Yes___ No___
14. When you go on vacation, do you fuck more than you do at home?
Yes___ No___
15. Was your last lover gainfully employed?
Yes___ No___
16. Have you ever been laid by a man ten to twenty years older than yourself?
Yes___ No___
17. Have you repeatedly dated and fucked hopelessly married men?
Yes___ No___
18. Have you ever said "No" and successfully fought off a stud, even though you secretly wanted to get laid?
Yes___ No___
19. Did you read *Story of O* on the way to work?
Yes___ No___
20. Do you put out only when you think you're in love?
Yes___ No___
21. Do you put out only as part of a marriage sales pitch?
Yes___ No___
22. Do you put out mainly because you enjoy fucking?
Yes___ No___
23. Do you worry about the size of your tits?
Yes___ No___
24. Do you frequently find yourself slyly looking at the crotches of men in tight pants?
Yes___ No___
25. Do the majority of guys who have laid you come back for more?
Yes___ No___
26. Have you ever felt a hard cock rubbing against you in a crowded bus, train, or subway?
Yes___ No___
27. Have you ever picked up, dated, and screwed the most attractive man at a party or social event?
Yes___ No___
28. Do you enjoy 69?
Yes___ No___
29. Do you find yourself sleeping with men simply because they're handy and available, even though you don't care much for them?
Yes___ No___
30. How would you rate yourself?
A) Experienced and willing to learn more.
B) A great lay.
C) An average lay.
D) A lousy lay.
E) Timid, worried, and shy about it all.

(continued)



Photograph by Ron Raffaelli

Fuckability Test

(continued)

The answers to these questions are rated with a very scientific ABC system. Get a pencil and list the number of A's, B's and C's that you have scored according to the following table:

- | | | | |
|---------------|------|--------------------|----------|
| 1) YES—C | No—A | 18) YES—C | No—B |
| 2) YES—C | No—A | 19) YES—B | No—C |
| 3) YES—C | No—B | 20) YES—B | No—A |
| 4) YES—C | No—B | 21) YES—C | No—B |
| 5) YES—A | No—C | 22) YES—A | No—C |
| 6) YES—B | No—A | 23) YES—B | No—A |
| 7) YES—A | No—B | 24) YES—B | No—C |
| 8) YES—A | No—B | 25) YES—A | No—C |
| 9) YES—B | No—A | 26) YES—B | No—C |
| 10) YES—B | No—A | 27) YES—A | No—C |
| 11) YES—A | No—C | 28) YES—B | No—C |
| 12) YES—A | No—B | 29) YES—B | No—A |
| 13) YES—A | No—B | 30) (A)—A | |
| 14) YES—B | No—C | (B)—B | |
| 15) YES—B | No—A | (C)—You're KIDDING | |
| 16) YES—A&C | No—B | (D)—C | YOURSELF |
| 17) YES—A,B&C | | (E)—C | |

Now add up all your A's, B's and C's separately, and find which group is largest. If you got straight A's you shouldn't even be bothering with this test. Chances are you're just killing a few moments waiting for one of your boyfriends to show up. You have a very high F.Q. and you probably get all the cock you want. You are personable, honest, and you love to fuck.

However, if your B's outnumber your A's and C's, you're in trouble. The "B" girl enjoys a vigorous roll in the hay but

she has a problem finding and keeping a male partner. She spends a lot of time at boring lectures and square social events, hoping that Mr. Right will come along. He probably will—eventually. In the meantime, she will settle for a string of dreary companions ranging from outright slob to insufferable "nice" guys. All of them will try to dig their sweaty paws into her bare buttocks and quite a few of them will succeed. Miss "B" likes to fuck but she's no swinger. Occasionally she gets very bored and frustrated and lends herself to an easy pickup. The "B" type outnumbers all the others. So this makes her average... a rather miserable category to be in.

If, alas, most of your answers fall into the "C" column, you are probably a lost cause. You're in a real rut—and nobody is trying to get in with you. Your pussy is covered with all kinds of price tags. You probably chew gum, wear all sorts of rings and charm bracelets and hang out in a cheap bar with canned music all night. Your finger is your best friend. There's only one salvation. Stop wearing panties, fix yourself up a bit, and the next time a guy flirts with you (if there is a next time), help him unzip his fly. Learn to give head. Invite guys to your pad for dinner and serve it wearing something revealing. If you live with Momma, go to the guy's pad and get yourself fucked. You might even learn to like it and become a "B" person.

If, however, all your A's, B's and C's balance out almost equally, you are a "Q" girl. You've been around; and you'll likely get around a lot more. You don't really swing, but you're not a prudish wallflower either. You'll cheerfully fuck the right guy at the right time, and the combination comes up often enough to keep you from climbing the walls.

Now that you know your weak points, as well as your strengths, get out there and exercise your F.Q. to its fullest capacity. It's up to you to change the temper of our times!

NEXT MONTH: Dr. Farnboggle presents his Male Fuckability Test.

Six Inches



(cont. from page 63)

the right eye—her head was tilted slightly to the left—and then I was up on the forehead, having gone past the temple, and I was up into the hair—very difficult, wading through. Then I stood and stretched—reached up and just managed to grab the hat pin. Coming down was faster but more treacherous. I almost lost my balance several times, carrying that hat pin. One fall and it was over. I laughed several times because it was so ridiculous. The outcome of an office party for the gang, Merry Christmas.

Then I was down under that massive breast again. I laid the hat pin down and listened again. I listened for the exact sound of the heart. I determined it to be at a spot exactly below a small brown birthmark. Then I stood up. I picked up the hat pin with its purple And I thought, will it work? I was six inches tall and I judged the hat pin to be half again longer than I. Nine inches. The heart seemed closer than that.

I lifted the pin and plunged it in. Just below the birthmark.

Sarah rolled and convulsed. I held to the hat pin. She almost threw me to the floor—which by comparative size seemed a thousand feet or more and would have killed me. I hung on. Her lips formed an odd sound.

Then she seemed to quiver all over like a woman freezing.

I reached up and jammed the remaining three inches of the pin down into her chest until the beautiful purple glass head of the pin was up against her skin.

Then Sarah was still. I listened.

I heard the heart, one two, one two,

one two, one two, one two, one . . .

It stopped.

And then with my little killer's hands, I clutched and gripped the bedsheet and made my way to the floor. I was six inches tall and real and frightened and hungry. I found a hole in one of the bedroom screens which faced east and ran from ceiling to floor. I grabbed at the branch of a bush, climbed on, clambered along the branch to the inside of the bush. Nobody knew that Sarah was dead but I. But that had no realistic good. If I were to go on, I would have to have something to eat. But I couldn't help wondering how my case would be evolved in a court of law? Was I guilty? I ripped off a leaf and tried to eat it. No good. Hardly. Then I saw the lady in the court to the south set out a plate of catfood for her cat. I crawled out of the bush and worked my way toward the catfood, watching

**I even scare pigeons.
When you scare
pigeons you know
that you
are getting there.**

for animals and movements. It tasted worse than anything I had ever eaten but I had no choice. I ate all the catfood I could—death tasted worse. Then I walked over to the bush and climbed back into it.

There I was, six inches tall, the answer to The Population Explosion, hanging in a bush with a bellyful of catfood.

There are details I don't want to bore you with. Escapes from cats and dogs and rats. Feeling myself growing bit by bit. Watching them carry Sarah's body out of there. Going in there and finding myself too small, still, to open the refrigerator door.

The day the cat almost caught me as I ate at his bowl. I had to break away.

I was then eight or ten inches tall. I was growing. I even scared pigeons. When you scare pigeons you know that you are getting there. I simply ran down the street one day, hiding along

the shadows of buildings and down beneath hedges and the like. I kept running and hiding until I got outside a supermarket and I hid under a newspaper stand just outside the entrance to the store. Then, as a big woman walked up and the electric door opened, I walked in behind her. One of the clerks at a checkstand looked up as I walked in behind the woman:

"Hey, what the hell's that?"

"What?" a customer asked him.

"I thought I saw something," said the clerk, "maybe not. I hope not."

I somehow sneaked to the storeroom without being seen. I hid behind some cartons of baked beans. That night I came out and had a fine feed. Potato salad, pickles, ham on rye, potato chips and beer, plenty of beer. It became about the same routine. Each day, all day, I hid in the storeroom and at night I'd come out and have a party. But I was growing and hiding was becoming more difficult. I got to watching the manager put the money in the safe each night. He was the last to leave. I counted the pauses as he put the money away each night. It seemed to be — 7 right, 6 left, 4 right, 6 left, 3 right, open. I went over to the safe each night and tried the numbers. I had to make a kind of stairway out of empty cartons in order to get up to the dial. It didn't seem to work but I kept trying. Each night, I mean. Meanwhile I was growing fast. Perhaps I was three feet tall. The store had a small clothing section and I had to keep going into the larger sizes. The population problem was returning. Then one night the safe opened. I had 23 thousand dollars in cash. I must have hit them the night before banking time. I took the key the manager used in order to get out without the burglar alarm ringing. Then I walked down the street and got a week's worth of lodging at the Sunset Motel. I told the lady I worked as a midjet in the movies. It just seemed to bore her.

"No television or loud noises after ten p.m. That's our rule here."

She took my money, gave me a receipt and closed her door.

The key said room 103. I hadn't even looked at the room. The doors said 98, 99, 100, 101, I was walking north toward the Hollywood Hills, toward those mountains behind them, with the great and golden light of the Lord shining upon me, growing. ●

Bunkmate Blues

(cont. from page 77)

and Bowie the moment the turntable was free, just for spite. Because she quit smoking a month before coming to school, Ellen snacked often; complained about getting fat. Didn't mind that, but I did get annoyed when she'd ignore my dieting tips and advice. Moving in with me, then a confirmed Newport addict, Ellen met temptations afresh. At first, she bitched about my stinky poison smoke in the room; eventually readjusted her senses to the tantalizing aroma of my just-exuded tobacco fumes. One day, anti-smoker Ellen caged a butt at dinner. Hooked.

Currently, smoking in any form's all right by me, having kicked cigarettes in early '76 (though I'll break down and have a smoke every now and then, when offered a quality cigarette after a good meal). When I see people puff away, doesn't annoy me, really. I've cut down on my potsmoking also: can't function very well for several days after being stoned. Being a dedicated writer, I need every available braincell that hasn't already been stir-fried. Certain roommate I've known couldn't get that through their thick skulls. My work comes first, then the pleasure pursuits: getting laid, partying, movie and concert-going. Good thing I'm part rock writer, or I'd probably never see any concerts or clubs. Work motivates, satisfies me most in life. Besides, I need the revenue. Wouldn't keep writing unless I enjoyed it, though.

This indomitable workzeal wasn't so readily accepted by four Purchase students I lived with for a month and a half last summer. They held down regular hourly wage jobs at the college over summer session. I'd wake up at noon, eat, collect the mail, play records to review, sit at the typewriter and spend an afternoon alone, full of less brainstorms than interruptions.

By the time Joe, Magee, Brendan and Reid straggled in from work at five, my mood was desperate; my nerves, shot. Torn between loneliness and love of self-imposed exile, I couldn't relate to these hardworking assholes who couldn't humor, or at least understand, me and my rock 'n' roll mania. Joe and Magee communed with the TV, from "Star Trek" through the "Seven O'Clock Report"; Brendan would wolf down hot dogs and beans,

then join the other guys with his six-pack of Bud to chug-a-lug in front of the TV set. Reid, a smart, bawdy, strawberry blonde better able to fend for herself than anybody around, related best to the four walls of her room, on a diet of varied reading matter, Pointer Sisters and vintage Beatle elpees; cracking "mother jokes" with the guys, keeping her distance from me. Mostly, Reid enjoyed an extended cocktail hourful of gin-and-tonics. After work, at bedtime, on weekends, her Happy Hour occupied every waking minute.

I made the mistake of moving in with a bunch of luses. Drinking doesn't make me high: liquor puts me to sleep. Most of it tastes medicinal to me anyhow. I've got numerous other, more involved reasons for not drinking, but, suffice it to say, amidst die-hard albies I was both physically and mentally out of place. They'd get

**Living with Ann
makes me
all-too-painfully
aware of my own
jealousies,
narcissism, neuroses,
and pettiness.**

wasted on gin at dinner and sit around the table till after ten—by which time I'd be upstairs, working again. By then, our assorted states of mind resembled the hills and rills and serpentine byways of a Life gameboard. In that house, my sense of humor and musical tastes didn't much jibe with theirs, either.

From a physical and mental viewpoint, getting it on with any of those guys didn't appeal to me. Sexual involvement amongst housemates rarely remains harmonious, I've found—having visited enough student-shared houses where girls and guys can't stand the sight of one another once their tempestuous affair hits the rocks. Anyhow, I prefer a change of scene while love-making. Seems extra-exciting at "his place"—though I'm generally fond of where I'm living, proud of it, and willing to bring lovers on up, providing my roommate(s) don't seem embarrassed,

envious, or overly interested.

After spending one month in the SUNY Purchase dipsoniacal commune, I started looking for a new place. In addition to frictional personalities, monthly bills were haphazardly split in five, paid in the nick of time. Rent money was so ill-managed the landlord almost evicted us. Same day, the plumbing went kaput. Grocery shopping never worked out as planned. Food like meat, milk and bread was regarded as common property. Other items were kept separate, each housemember given storage space in the closets and refig. But, whenever I specially drooled for the lemon chip cookies or cherries or mushroom barley soup, the cupboard was usually bare.

My current roommate, Ann, is the kind of girl whom bills don't faze. The snowballing bill phenomenon's all too wretchedly familiar to me, but Ann, bless her heart, not having lived much on her own save for attending school in Miami and Manhattan, biking across Europe and the British Isles, remains naive to the ways of the world. Guess Ann's been shielded from responsibility by momma and poppa—that probably explains why she so nonchalantly dismisses household chores and grocery shopping three times out of four. Duties foreign to one's experience aren't so easily assumed.

Although Ann pisses me off when she's inconsiderate and polishes off all the goodies I bake, turning the larder inside out for soda pop and special snacks I've bought with my own scarce cash, she's my best roommate so far.

Ann has this uncanny knack for slinking into my room and making herself comfortable when I'm going through anxiety attacks at the typewriter. Like just a moment ago. Ann sashayed in and demanded I show her what was being written about her for this piece. Which isn't unreasonable—just very touchy. I usually don't mind her seeing work in progress, but when a deadline's breathing down my neck, look out.

Fortunately, we both have our art. Ann's a visual artist—painter, printmaker, future fabric designer. We're both concerned with decor, keeping our respective rooms neater than clean, kitchen and bathroom upkeep still more my concern than hers, to my resentment. Both active careerists and

on-the-sly college students, Ann and I spend a good portion of the week away from our place at different times—the most satisfactory arrangement possible amongst people of solitary, artistic persuasions.

Moreover, I've found that living with another female can be illuminating and delightful, as well as problematic. My sense of sexual competitiveness has been heightened: I envy Ann's petite, firm, perfectly proportioned body; dark, thick, below-shoulders hair; languorous, bouncy carriage. Living with Ann also makes me all-too-painfully aware of my own jealousies, narcissism, neuroses and pettiness. My loneliness and lack of genuine, longtime friends is reinforced. Daylong, the phone may ring for me more often—business calls, by and large—but on the average, Ann gets more calls. From new boyfriends, old girlfriends, bosom pals of both sexes from way back; mom, dad, and sis. I rarely hear from my family (20 miles away—just as well they don't bother me; took a ruthless four years' battle before I escaped for good) and keep in touch with two or three friends by letter. Ann's a phone junkie. Her social life's fuller, but I'm generally invited along. In turn, I bring Ann along to an occasional concert or press fete. And, though popular as Ann is, she doesn't have a steady beau like me. My love in the city calls 'most every night, just to shoot the shit and let me know he cares. We're lovers and pals, colleagues and allies, so I'm not all that lonely after all.

Tomorrow, Ann'll be home. I'll be off to Manhattan; work and fun. Hope she cleans the floors while I'm gone—as agreed to three weeks ago—and doesn't suffer too awfully while explaining to her parents why she quit her job after four days. When I'm back, we'll hopefully square away three months' accumulation of neglected bills. Other than the fact Ann can't abide by the sound of a clacking typewriter, we're good roommates.

Still unsure whether I'd enjoy living with a man—I haven't yet—be he straight, gay, paternalistic, puerile, in cahoots with me, or a purely platonic friend. Mutual understanding and responsibility are my greatest expectations of any roommate. Even if living up to that takes romance for a tailspin, at least the walls won't crumble down 'round our ears.



LOOK WHO'S COMING...

SALVADORE DALI: This is one modern master who not only paints weird pictures, but who has some weird ideas on murder, assholes, money, and flies—and those are just a few of the subjects covered in this exclusive NATIONAL SCREW interview. (Yes, it's surreal thing.)

TULI KUPFERBERG: A member of *The Fugs*, the most outrageous rock act of the '60's, Tuli writes about the sex life of an outrageous musician in an outrageous group. Truman Capote would call it fiction.

NORMAN SPINRAD: Back when almost everyone liked Ike, a bizarre batch of curious characters gathered around an off-beat New York City coffeehouse to play with peyote. Timothy Leary would call it far out.

CREPAX: Already a sensation in Europe, this ultra-erotic cartoonist is ready for us, if we're ready for him.

BILLY SWAN: Here's a rock 'n' roller who's been slippin' and slidin' since the days of Sam Phillips and *Sun Records*—and he *still* loves it!

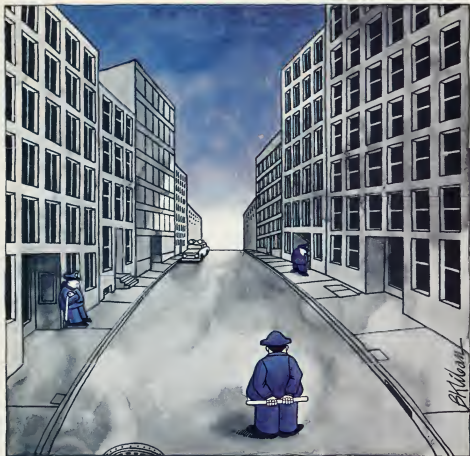
What do WILLIAM BURROUGHS, MARILYN CHAMBERS, RON GALELLA, GORILLA MONSOON, MICKEY SPILLANE, HOLLY WOODLAWN, BILL WYMAN, and a host of others of like ilk have in common? Nightmares! Now you too can wake up in a cold sweat, just like the stars.

And, if that's not enough, we also have:

GIRLS... a smoky short story by Harlan Ellison... GIRLS... further misadventures of *Malice in Wonderland*... GIRLS... behind the scenes with young strippers... GIRLS... humor, parody, satire... GIRLS... (we could go on, but if you don't have the idea by now, buy a book)...

...IN DECEMBER'S





Enough people were arrested for marijuana
in 1973 to empty the whole city of St. Paul, Minnesota.
Don't you think it's time we stopped?



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Hi, I'm
Christine.

I know it's impolite
to show you my back,
but they're saving my
front till next month. Join
me then and I'll turn
around just for
you.



Dirty Old Man